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Z E L I A

IN THE

D E S E R T.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THE LADY WHO TRANSLATED
"ADELAIDE AND THEODORE;" AND
"ANECDOTES OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

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THE LIFE OF

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IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME III

LONDON

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Z E L I A,

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D E S E R T.

Letter from M. SPING, jun.

HOW shall I express the pleasure your letter has given me! I have placed it next my heart, and only take it from thence to kiss it, and to read in it those tender proofs of love and affection with which it is filled. It is my only consolation and delight. How adorable are you when you give way to the emotions of your heart! Never, my sweet friend, restrain them, you express yourself so charmingly; you are inspired by love itself in this affecting letter, which

VOL. III. B paints

paints so justly the situation of your mind agitated by such tender and painful ideas. How much was I distressed when M. London told me the situation in which he found you! I still tremble at the idea of your fainting; it was for me that your generous and gentle heart experienced sorrows more cruel than that death of which you thought me the victim. I foresaw the fatal moment, but was not able to prevent it; I was not even able to prepare you for it by mentioning it to you. You know not what it cost me to tear myself from you, in order to go to this fatal rendezvous. But let us think no more of it; your presence will soon drive it from my memory; one look from your eyes, a word from your mouth, will for ever efface the cruel impression which the bidding you a last adieu made on me. Why am I prevented throwing myself at your feet, my best love, to demand your pardon for my fault! I depend on it from your kindness; but I must hear it pronounced by that divine mouth, which must seal it with a kiss.

And

And is it really true, my lovely friend, that you have promised this delightful proof of your forgiveness? Reserve for me this promise made by love for the happy moment when I shall see you again. Preserve also those tender sentiments you have so well expressed. Condescend to write to me again, till I am able to fly to you, to assure you of my gratitude by giving way to transports of the most tender affection. When I began my letter, I intended giving you an account of my health; but I have only told you of the love you have inspired me with. M. London will inform you as to my situation; I am very well, but my love makes me still better. Adieu my friend, my wife. I am ordered to conclude, yet know not how to leave writing to you: I should be quite miserable if I had not your letter to comfort me. Adieu, my charming, my adored Ninette.

I only wrote two lines in answer to this letter which gave me so much pleasure. M. London was obliged to

go back directly, and I was not sorry for it; my mind at that moment was not enough at ease for me to write more. You, my dear mamma, will judge for me, with your usual indulgence to your poor Ninette. You cannot guess at my present situation, which requires perhaps more art and more circumspection in my conduct to M. Sping. I ought perhaps to have concealed from him the sentiments he had inspired me with, or at least should not have discovered them till the day of our marriage; and if I may credit the stories which have been repeated to me, and which I have read since I came here, I ought not to have written to him. I often blush when I hear a similar conduct censured by respectable ladies, who greatly blame young women for being so weak as to discover their passion for their lovers, before they are authorised by their parents to do so. A young lady, say they, ought never to write to a man unless with the knowledge of her parents. Alas! said I to myself, I have no parents! but I have
quitted

quitted those friends who acted by me as parents, and who would have instructed me in these points had I remained with them.

Forgive me, dear mamma; but whenever I make these reflections, and regret having quitted you, I cannot help blessing the happy moment when I first conceived the intention of coming hither; it was providence and my good angel who conducted my steps to this place. I can never repent it; M. Sping will never reproach me for having betrayed to him, without disguise or affectation, the tender sentiments of my heart. It will never be a reason with him for despising me, even were he ever to cease loving me. But why should these reflections sadden my heart and make me shed tears? Why such ill-grounded fears, and such unjust doubts, which I blush to acknowledge even to myself? My dear mamma, I will tell you: it is owing to a book I have been reading the best part of the night. It is the history of a poor girl betrayed by her lover; a lovely and most

amiable girl, well born and educated, who had nothing to reproach herself with, but her too great affection for a villain, who was so wicked as to abandon her. Her parents had determined to marry her to another whom they thought more suitable to her fortune and condition. The fate of this unhappy girl affected me the more, as it seemed something similar to mine. She was like me without parents.—Like me, did I say? alas! it is only since I read this book, that I perceive the despicable situation in which I was born. I never thought till then, that I should have to blush at a fault which was not mine, or in my power to avoid; but if it is a blemish and disgrace to the unfortunate being who is the victim of it, I ought to have remained in the midst of the Desert: alas! I ought perhaps to return to it. But where should I go? Should I dare to appear before you? Should I dare to account myself as any thing in your respectable family? But I can never give way to this absurd opinion: I can never regard myself

myself so despicable an object as to be ashamed of myself. The innocence of my heart, and the purity of my sentiments, shall be my titles; I know not of any others. But how has M. Sping and his parents overlooked so easily an affair that is so severely treated in the world? Did they not understand me, when I told them I had no parents. Might they not understand that I was deprived of them by death? This idea fortified my mind so much the more, as I had myself the same idea, till the moment when you told me my mother was never married. What you then confided to me made no impression on me; I had not the smallest idea of the unjust prejudices of mankind against illegitimate births. And you, my dear mamma, from delicacy, and out of kindness to me, never told me of it. I return you my thanks for it, though perhaps my ignorance may expose me to persons I esteem; it will at least cost me many tears. What method shall I take to explain this unhappy affair? It cannot be done without de-

grading me in the opinion of this amiable lady, who has taken me in her arms, has called me her daughter, and made me embrace her son, whom she has bid me look upon as my husband. No, I will not suffer them to remain ignorant of my situation; they shall know it all; they shall believe me when I declare to them in the sincerity of my heart, that I did not myself know, when I consented to become a part of their family, that my blood was contaminated by the ignominy of my unhappy mother. How fortunate was she to be delivered by an early death from public censure, as well as the dishonour and the grief which my birth must have oppressed her with! But why did she not carry me with her to the grave! Why did she suffer me to remain alone in the world! Alas! to expiate the crime of a cruel father, who had seduced, and perhaps abandoned her! What a melancholy fate! Good God! Ah, pardon, dear shade of my mother, pardon the complainings of thy unfortunate child! the distressed situation of my heart

heart may perhaps render me unjust and criminal towards the Author of my days!

Madame Sping has just sent to desire to speak with me. Oh, my God, instruct me what to say to her!—But what can she have to say? Perhaps she is under some fresh uneasiness for her son.

I forgot to tell you that M. Harture's father had desired to speak to M. London, when he went from hence so suddenly. It is said he is a very good man, which comforts me. He ought to do justice to M. Sping, and to blame his son, when he hears the truth. I greatly pity this good and worthy parent, who found his son in such a melancholy situation when he arrived at Achem two days ago. They say he came from England on purpose to dispose of his son in marriage to a lady whom he wished much to call his daughter. But I must run to see what I am wanted for. I shall say nothing of what regards myself at present; because I have not considered yet what I am to say, or to whom I shall address myself. Perhaps I may wait till the

B 5

younger

younger M. Sping returns; perhaps I may confide it to him. I will write him a letter when I go from hence, if I have courage enough to execute a scheme I have formed. My life will be the forfeit of my cruel sacrifice.

L E T T E R X I V .

IT is now two days, my dear mamma, since I have written to you. I have for a long time neglected dating my letters, but have ever continued to give you an account of all that passes. When I ended my last, it was to go to Madame Sping, who waited for me with her two daughters, Madame London and Sophia. The first embraced me at my entrance, and told me they had good news for me. Little Sophy also threw herself into my arms, and their good mother received me in hers.

“ Come, my dear child,” said she,
“ come and partake the satisfaction of a
“ family, who think themselves ho-
“ noured

“noured by looking on you as one of
 “it, and whose hearts are all devoted
 “to you.”

Imagine, my dear mamma, the effect these flattering expressions must have had on my mind, at that time sinking under the humiliating idea of my ignominious birth. Alas! I knew not what to answer; I turned away my head, not daring to cast my eyes on these amiable friends, whom I reproached myself with having deceived. “Here is a letter,” said Madame Sping, “which gives me hopes
 “we shall soon have the happiness of
 “seeing my son once more amongst us.
 “He may now appear with safety any
 “where.”

Letter from M. LONDON.

Madam,

Not being able at present to wait on you, to give an account of my visit to Lord Harture, I have the honour to write you the substance of it, till I can give you a more particular detail.

B 6

Nothing

Nothing can be more honourable than his Lordship's behaviour. When he entered the apartment of your son, he held out his hand to him, and told him he came to ask pardon for his son, which he hoped he would grant, from his goodness, and their former friendship. "He was the aggressor," said he, not waiting for an answer. "I have condemned him from his own account; indeed I have done more, for I have made him own his fault. He repents his rashness, and particularly his having offended the young lady, who was the subject of your quarrel."

"This is quite sufficient," said M. Sping, embracing Lord Harture; "pray carry to him the pledge of my friendship, and accept my most respectful assurances of sincere regret for the grief which this unfortunate affair has given you." He then made particular enquiries after the health of M. Harture, and said he would visit him the next day, if he was at liberty to go out. — "There is nothing can prevent you," replied

replied Lord Harture; “ the affair is
“ not talked of. The Viceroy, whom
“ I saw this morning, knew nothing of
“ it: I acquainted him with it, that
“ he might know how to act, if he were
“ told of it. He is a man of great
“ honour and politeness, and sees this
“ affair in its proper light; that it is a
“ piece of youthful impetuosity. “ I
“ advise you,” said he, “ to make him a
“ visit as soon as your health will permit
“ you to go abroad.” My son goes on
“ extremely well; he will very soon be
“ able to come to you himself, to re-
“ peat his apologies, and to assure you
“ of the attachment he has to you and
“ your family. From the accident which
“ has happened to it, and from the praises
“ he bestows on it, I am very desirous
“ to be acquainted with you all, and
“ entreat you to present me the first time
“ you go there; besides which, I am very
“ anxious to see the French lady whose
“ beauty is so much extolled.”

This

This is nearly the conversation which passed between them, and the substance of M. London's letter, which gave us all so much satisfaction. I endeavoured as much as possible to appear cheerful: I was well pleased to find this affair terminate so easily, but I did not feel that pure and lively joy which I might have done; and even the day before I was again to see the man whom I adored, and to hear him repeat his assurances of unabated love, tears ran down my cheeks. I am sad, and all my friends are happy. To what am I reduced by the fatality of my destiny, and the cruel prejudices which I detest! Must I then, in order to give way to this chimerical honour, which I do not understand, renounce every thing which is worth living for, make my friends unhappy by quitting them, and wound the heart of the most tender, the most noble, and the most generous of lovers? No, I will never be guilty of this false heroism, which I despise. But what shall I do? What will become of me? How shall I be
able

able to bear the looks of a lover accustomed to read my most secret thoughts in my eyes? How shall I conceal my uneasiness from him? How will it be possible for me to avoid having an air of confusion and distress in his company? What will he think if I avoid him? Will he not have reason to suspect me of indifference? Alas! let him know me, and judge for himself! It is in his bosom that I ought to confide the secret which oppresses my heart so much. I have not a better or a more sincere friend: it is to him alone I owe this confidence, and he will think himself obliged to me for my sincerity. He will pity me, if the obstacles to our union should prove invincible. He will know better than any other person, what effect my intelligence will have, on his parents respecting my unfortunate birth. He will at least soften the severity of my fate, if he preserve his esteem and friendship for me; and that will in future be my only ambition, and the sole wish of my heart.

Adieu,

Adieu, my dear mamma; pity your poor Ninette, who, to increase her trouble, has heard nothing of you, or from you, by means of the persons sent to find you. I hear nothing either of M. Suple. Alas, every thing adds to my distress!

Adieu, adieu! To-morrow I will tell you the effects of all my reflections; I shall then have seen the arbiter of my fate: whatever happens, he will always be the friend of my heart.

LETTER XV.

I HAVE seen him, my dear mamma; I have seen this amiable and tender lover. He came here this morning at eleven o'clock, this dear man so justly beloved by his parents. I was at that time in the garden, where I went after breakfast to take the air, and to calm the agitation of my mind. I cast a melancholy eye on that arbour where some days before I had received so many proofs of tender affection. Alas! said I, I am now going to renounce them,

them, and to tell that lover so, whose happiness I ought to have completed. With this sweet hope, he is coming now to see me. The greatest pleasure he feels, is that of finding me again, after having thought he should lose me for ever. He comes in the fullest confidence to receive from me the reward for having sacrificed a life so estimable to his friends, which he had exposed for my sake. What a reward, what a fatal recompence am I preparing for him! He will find my eyes drowned in tears, and my heart overwhelmed with grief; that heart which adores him, and would be so happy to be his, but is no longer worthy of him. But what is this inhuman law, which has put this obstacle in our way? Honour they call it, which banishes from society the children not born in wedlock. Alas, this honour, be it what it will, can never make a change in my heart!

I was greatly affected by these sad thoughts when Madame London came running to me. This amiable woman, who lives but to make her friends happy,
came

came to acquaint me of my happiness.

“ My brother is come,” said she; “ and
“ I run to tell you of it, as he appeared a
“ little uneasy not to find you in the
“ parlour with the rest of the family,
“ and was afraid you was ill.” “ How
“ is he himself?” said I. “ Very well,”
replied she; “ but I am sure he will be
“ better when he sees you. Come my
“ dear friend, let us go to complete
“ his felicity; you can have no idea how
“ eager every one of the family, even
“ to the lowest domestic, have been to
“ see him, and to shew him every mark
“ of their attachment. He has been
“ thanking them all with so much kind-
“ nefs—”

“ My dear friend,” said I, “ you
“ make me regret my being absent at
“ this interesting sight; I should not
“ have been the last to have welcomed
“ him, if a point of honour, which
“ though I am not convinced of,
“ yet probably may render me unworthy
“ of you and your family, and even of
“ my

“ my lover himself, had not prevented
“ me.”

This I said with my eyes bathed in tears. “ What is it you say?” replied this amiable friend, pressing me to her bosom; “ you, my dearest Ninette, “ unworthy of my brother!”——At this moment he appeared, and judge of his astonishment on seeing me weeping in the arms of his sister, whose last words he had heard. “ What is this I see?” cried he, stopping me; “ tears!—My “ sister, explain to me this reception, “ which makes me tremble.—Is it possible Ninette can have deceived me?”

I then cast my eyes on him, and with a voice half stifled by sighs, entreated him not to condemn me before he heard me.

“ My lovely friend,” said he, “ if you “ still love me, you can be guilty of no “ other fault.” “ You are kind enough,” said I, “ to think so; you will always I “ hope be of that opinion; I am sufficiently “ unfortunate without such a “ piece of cruel injustice. But pity me “ and console me; for all my hopes are in
“ you.”

“ you.” He then took me in his arms, and begged me ten thousand pardons.

I pressed his hand tenderly, and assured him I had never ceased for one moment to adore him; but that the despair in which he saw me, arose from motives of a different kind, relative to some new lights which had been thrown on my unfortunate destiny. “ My sweet friend,” said he, “ your destiny is the same as
“ mine. Do you not persist in keep-
“ ing your engagement with me? What
“ other eclarcissement is it necessary for
“ me to have? Have you not promised
“ me your hand? Have I not given
“ you mine? Are we not engaged to
“ each other by indissoluble ties? And
“ if we had not taken these engagements,
“ would you at this time have refused
“ them? What, my dear Ninette, do
“ you hesitate to answer me? Cruel girl;
“ would you then make me miserable?
“ Had I any reason to expect this cold-
“ ness from the letters you wrote me?
“ What has occasioned this change in
“ your heart?”

“ Alas,

“ Alas, if it is changed,” said I,
 “ it is in loving you at this moment
 “ more than ever. But compose your-
 “ self and listen to me ; do not interrupt
 “ me, but give me time to tell you
 “ what honour obliges me to declare to
 “ you.—My birth renders me unworthy
 “ of you.—Learn then, that I am the
 “ unfortunate offspring of a criminal and
 “ shameful connection. Alas, when I
 “ received the promise of your hand,
 “ and gave you mine, I knew not the
 “ laws or the prejudices of opinion,
 “ which condemned me to contempt and
 “ infamy.”

I was proceeding, but he took me in
 his arms with transport.—“ You are
 “ then,” said he, “ the gift of love,
 “ which renders you still dearer to me.
 “ Cease to attempt lowering yourself in
 “ my esteem, my lovely wife ; and allow
 “ me to give you that title, which does
 “ honour to me, and makes me happy,
 “ till you confirm it to me at the altar.
 “ Promise me you will think no more of
 “ your birth, and that you will never
 “ mention

“ mention it, but to bless Heaven and
“ the authors of your life. I love and
“ respect them in you. I believe them
“ to be a superior order of beings, and
“ revere them wherever they are. And
“ is this, then, the cause of those tears
“ which pierced my heart, and the ex-
“ planation of that terrible secret which
“ would have made me miserable, if I
“ had not observed in your countenance
“ expressions of the purest virtue? Think
“ not but you will ever be respected by
“ the whole universe.”

I would have replied, but that I saw Sophia who was coming to acquaint her brother of the arrival of Lord Harture, who had made a morning visit to Madame Sping, and was now come to dine with us.

Adieu, my dear mamma; to-morrow I will tell you what passed at dinner.

LETTER XVI.

I WAS prevented writing yesterday, as I intended, my dear mamma; but you will not lose any thing by it, as I shall take up my history from the last letter.

I have seen this English Lord, and assure you he has also thoroughly seen me, for he never ceased looking at me the whole dinner-time. He several times asked me if I had not been in some of the towns in France which he mentioned; he told me he thought he had seen me somewhere, for that he was sure I was not a stranger to him. "I do not think your Lordship ever saw me," said I; "you certainly never was in my Desert." "But, Madam," replied he, "permit me to doubt whether you always lived in a Desert; you could not possibly acquire so many graces there. Recollect the cities in France where you may have been; I am sure you will tell me some day
" or

“ or other. It is impossible,” said he, putting his hand upon his forehead, “ but I must have seen you before.”

His persisting in having seen me amused us greatly during the time of dinner. He appears to be a very amiable man, is tall and genteel, and has a very graceful and engaging manner, a very pleasing countenance, and fine features: in short, there is something very striking in his appearance, which makes him perfectly agreeable in every thing he does and says. His son grows better and better every day; and is expected to be able to go out in a week's time. M. Sping intends going to see him as soon as he can leave off the scarf which supports his arm.

I have not told you, my dear mamma, that he still carries the marks of this unfortunate accident, of which I was the cause. I cannot easily tell you the tender compassion I felt for him, when I saw him with a pale countenance, and his arm tied up in a black silk scarf: I could not restrain my tears; indeed he is so
mild

nild and so good that the most indifferent are interested in his favour. How could I, who love him so much, and am so tenderly beloved by him—how could I think of leaving him? Alas! I could sooner part with my life.

But I must now give you an account of what followed after our conversation in the garden. You know I was prevented answering the pleasing things he said to me, by the arrival of Sophia. The rest of the day we passed without company, except at dinner-time, when Lord Harture was there, who left us soon after. You never, my dear mamma, could have seen M. Sping, surrounded by his dear relations, without being affected to hear him congratulate himself on being restored to them. You would have been charmed to hear him expressing in the most respectful and tender manner to his mother his concern at the uneasiness he had occasioned her.

“ I saw,” said he, “ your tears mingling with those of my dear sisters; “ think what I must have suffered to
VOL. III. C “ know

“ know myself the occasion of your
“ weeping.” Sophia, who stood near
him, threw herself into his arms and
burst into tears. “ My dear little girl,
“ I am charmed with your sensibility,”
said he; “ give me still another proof
“ of your affection for your brother, by
“ going to our dear mother, and with
“ all that innocence about you, entreat
“ her pardon for me, and assure her, this
“ shall be the last chagrin I will ever
“ give her.” She flew to her instantly,
but was not the first to reach her. Madame London, who sat by her mother, had gone to her first, and in the same minute this dutiful son and tender lover gave me his hand to lead me also to his mother, telling me he must obtain his pardon from the three sisters.

“ I am unworthy to be put with them,”
said I, going up to Madame Sping, who
called me her third daughter. “ It is
“ for myself I implore pardon, my dear
“ Madam. I should deceive you were
“ I to leave you any longer in an error.
“ I should be unworthy the honourable
“ title

"title you give me. I must renounce
 "the happiness you would bestow on
 "me; but I will never renounce your
 "esteem or your friendship."—"What,"
 said Madame Sping, looking at her son,
 "what is it you have done to this dear
 "child to induce her to break her en-
 "gagements?"—"I must own to you,"
 replied her son, "after the conversation
 "I had with her this morning, I did not
 "expect to hear such a declaration."

It had indeed greatly surprised him.
 He did not intend making a discovery
 of my birth to his friends, till after his
 father's return, and in the mean time
 hoped to gain over his mother. I knew
 nothing of his design; but he hoped to
 make me agree to it in the next conver-
 sation we should have together. But I
 should never have submitted to this dis-
 simulation. The air of reproach and
 vexation which he had assumed towards
 me, roused all my pride; and I begged
 him not to accuse me of a weak sub-
 mission to such a proceeding, as I should
 in that case be unworthy to live.

“ I address myself to you, Madam, to
“ implore your pity. Assist me in en-
“ deavouring to render myself worthy of
“ yours and your son’s esteem, by refusing
“ to unite my destiny with his. I have no
“ way at present to convince you of my
“ gratitude, but by breaking the engage-
“ ment which your goodness permitted
“ me to contract. I did not then know my-
“ self. I knew not that in coming into
“ the world I brought with me an igno-
“ minious reproach, according to the
“ laws. I was ignorant till now, that all
“ persons born illegitimate are despised
“ and rejected. I am unhappily one of
“ these victims to public opinion, and
“ ought never to have shewn myself.”

M. Sping was not able to hear more,
but went out, and his sisters followed
him. His mother, who was almost pe-
trified with astonishment at what I had
told her, did not attempt to conceal her
concern at what she had heard: but
added, she hoped it would not prove
an invincible obstacle to our union.
—“ Alas!” said I, “ the obstacle is
“ insur-

“ insurmountable. Even if you and your
 “ husband were to have the goodness to
 “ conquer your prejudice on my con-
 “ sideration, I ought not to suffer it.
 “ I should be unworthy of all you have
 “ done for me, if I were to consent to
 “ load your family with shame and dis-
 “ grace. Rather let me be hid from all
 “ the world. Procure me, my dear Ma-
 “ dam, some decent retreat, where I
 “ may be concealed from the world,
 “ but not separated from you, and where
 “ I may hope to see you and your dear
 “ children from time to time. Help
 “ me to accustom your son by degrees
 “ to our separation, and let him for
 “ some time be ignorant of the cruel sa-
 “ crifice I make to his honour. Let us
 “ try to make amends for what I said so
 “ decidedly in his presence. I saw he was
 “ deeply affected when he went out of
 “ the room. I reproach myself with
 “ having spoke too freely ; I am afraid of
 “ having vexed him, perhaps too much
 “ for his present situation. But it is
 “ now out of my power to say any thing

“ which can give him consolation. Up-
“ on you, Madam, I must depend; so
“ good, so generous a mother will find
“ means to console her amiable son.
“ Encourage him, deceive him for a
“ time,—deceive him!—Oh God!”
——A torrent of tears stopped my speech.
Sophia came in at this moment, and I
took that opportunity to go to my own
apartment; I then abandoned myself to
the most violent grief: the situation I
had seen him in had pierced my heart.
Alas, said I, it is I that am the cause of
his misery, and let what will happen, I
can never restore to him that peace
of mind of which I have robbed him;
he will always love and always regret
me; this I am certain of, he will for a
long time regret the loss of me. A long
time, do I say? shall I then see an end
to his love? He will forget me and will
see me with indifference; he will be made
happy by some other, and not me.——
“ Good God!” said I, raising my eyes
drowned in tears to Heaven; “ permit me
“ not to be a witness of this cruel altera-
“ tion,

“ tion, the idea only of which distracts
 “ my mind; but grant before this happens
 “ my wretched life may ——”

I had scarce finished these words, when Madame Sping sent to me to beg I would go down into the saloon to entertain Lord Harture, till she was able to wait on him. What then can have happened to M. Sping, thought I, but dared not ask. My imagination presented to me the most gloomy ideas. I should certainly occasion the death of this too amiable young man; I should bring wretchedness on all the family.

What a time was this to see and entertain a person I scarcely knew! and how could I appear in my present situation? I however undertook it, and got to the door of the saloon before I knew where I was; but my strength and resolution failed me, and I fell on my knees against the door, which was half open, and threw me at length into the room. “ Oh my
 “ God!” said Lord Harture, coming to me, “ are you not hurt, Madam?” He lifted me up with the greatest care, and

placed me in an arm chair; he then called and rang the bell, and then ran himself to fetch me a glass of water.

By degrees I recovered sufficiently to apologize and thank his Lordship for his attentions. He offered me his arm to conduct me to my own chamber; "where," said he, "you will be better, and more at liberty to go to bed, if necessary." I took his advice, and returned to my room with the help of his arm.

As Lord Harture returned from my chamber, he met Sophia, who told him, the reason her mother and sister could not go down to him was, because they were both employed in taking care of her brother, who had had a long fainting fit, and that his wound had broke out afresh, by which he had lost a good deal of blood, and that they were much terrified. When Lord Harture had expressed his concern on this melancholy occasion, he told her, in his turn, what had happened to me in his company; and said he was no longer surpris'd at my illness,
or

or at the tears I had shed, and assured her that I had received no hurt from my fall. The little girl told him it was not her brother's accident which had made me weep, for that I did not know it; they had taken care to keep me ignorant of it; and that they had even forbid her telling me of it. But she added, that I had another much greater cause of uneasiness than her brother's illness. "True," said Lord Harture, "at her age, there are scarce any other causes of uneasiness except love. You, my dear young lady will find it so some years hence. How old are you now?"—"I am twelve years old, Sir," said she. "Well then, in about three more you will find what I say to be true; and if I see you weep then, I shall say your lover has made you uneasy."—"But," said she, "if you did say so, you would be mistaken; for I promise you I never will have a lover."—"And why have you this dislike to a lover? do you know what it means?"—"I know it but too well," said she, with an air of im-
C 5
portance;

portance; "for I see every day the
"uneasiness it gives to a family. Stay
"my Lord," said she; "I would not
"tell any other person, but I am very
"sorry that my brother should be Ma-
"demoiselle Ninette's lover."—"What,
"do you not love her then?" said
he. "Quite the contrary," said she; "it
"is because I do love her, that I wish
"her not to have a lover; she was much
"happier, and so we were all, when she
"first arrived here; she was gay and lively,
"but now she is constantly weeping:
"my governess tells me, she was the
"cause of my brother's fighting with
"your son."—"How could she be the
"cause of their quarrel?" said Lord
Harture. "What, do you not know
"then?" answered Sophia; "it was
"because your son wanted also to marry
"Mademoiselle Ninette, and my bro-
"ther would not let him. But now
"matters are still worse; my brother
"cannot now marry her, yet never-
"theless he would not have her marry
"any other. This is what makes him
"ill,

“ ill, and makes her weep continually,
“ which gives mamma and all of us great
“ concern.”

“ Oh, this is another matter,” said
Lord Harture.—“ It is your papa then
“ who opposes this marriage.”—“ No,
“ it is not,” said the little girl. “ Is it
“ your mamma then?”—“ No, it is not
“ mamma.”—“ I do not see how all this
“ can be,” said my Lord: “ since the
“ lovers are agreed, I fancy, my dear,
“ you are misinformed; what you tell me
“ is scarce probable.”—“ It is neverthe-
“ less but too true,” said she. “ But
“ what can prevent their marriage, if
“ no one opposes it?”—“ That is what
“ I must not tell, because my governess
“ forbid me.”—“ Very well, my dear;
“ then I am sure I will not ask you; and I
“ think you very much to be praised to
“ know at your age how to keep a se-
“ cret; permit me, however, to ask you
“ one question. I have heard that Ma-
“ demoiselle Ninette had neither father
“ nor mother, therefore it cannot be
“ they who prevent the marriage.”

“ Ah,” cried the innocent Sophia,
“ this is the very secret; I find you knew
“ it; but they have told you more than
“ is true, for she had a mother who was
“ called Nina, but she had no father.”
“ That was what I said,” replied my
Lord; “ that she had neither father nor
“ mother, they being both dead.”
“ No, it is not so,” said Sophia; and
then she stopped.

“ Well then,” said my Lord, “ I
“ cannot comprehend it; yet it must be
“ my fault, for you speak very clearly;
“ and you agree that this young lady
“ had a mother who was called Nina,
“ is it not so? — Apropos,” said
Lord Harture, “ now I mention that
“ name, can you tell from whence
“ this Nina came?” — “ No,” said So-
phia, “ she was in the Desert with an-
“ other lady called Zelia, when she was
“ brought to-bed of Mademoiselle Ni-
“ nette, and it was there that she died.”
“ Mademoiselle Zelia and Nina!” said
my Lord, with earnestness, and walking
hastily across the room. “ What Nina
“ is

“ is this?—could it be? For certain I
 “ have perceived her features on the
 “ countenance of this interesting Ni-
 “ nette; she has also her tone of voice,
 “ and the same graceful manner—can it
 “ be possible?—But we must examine
 “ into this affair, of so much import-
 “ ance for me to know. Will you, my
 “ dear Miss Sophia, be kind enough to
 “ procure me a few moments conversa-
 “ tion with Mademoiselle Ninette, un-
 “ der your protection and in your com-
 “ pany? Will you see whether she will
 “ admit me in her apartment?”—“ But,
 “ my Lord, I have been a long time
 “ talking to you, and I must now go
 “ and see how my brother does, and
 “ besides I am afraid I have said too
 “ much to you.”—“ No, my dear, fear
 “ nothing on that subject, I give you
 “ my word you shall not be blamed for
 “ any thing you have told me.”—“ Oh,
 “ I entreat you, my Lord, not to let any
 “ one know what I have said.”—“ I
 “ promise you I will not,” said he;
 “ but for that matter you have told me
 “ nothing

“ nothing new ; I knew almost every
“ thing you have mentioned before I
“ saw you.”—“ And yet, my Lord,”
said Sophia, “ you seemed much sur-
“ prised when you heard me repeat the
“ names of Zelia and Nina.”—“ Do
“ you know them ? ”—“ My governess,
“ who is a French woman, has heard
“ talk of their adventures in her pro-
“ vince.”—“ Of what province is she ? ”
said my Lord. “ I think she came from
“ Normandy,” said Sophia. “ Are
“ you sure of that ? ” replied he with
earnestness ; “ and do you know—for-
“ give me asking you so many ques-
“ tions, but does your governess know the
“ name of Mademoiselle Nina’s family ? ”
“ She has told me,” said Sophia, “ but
“ I have forgot.”—“ What place does
“ your governess come from ? ” said he.
“ From Alençon,” replied Sophia.
“ I wish I could see her,” said Lord
Harture ; “ could you not permit me to
“ speak with her ? ”—“ Most willingly,
“ my Lord. I will conduct you to her
“ room,

"room, and then I will go to my brother," said Sophia.

And now to return to myself. Lord Harture was scarcely gone from my chamber door, when my impatience to hear how M. Sping was made me go towards the servants apartments, where I heard one of them say, "He is still the same, they cannot bring him back to life." Finding myself ready to faint, I got back as well as I could to my chamber, where I threw myself half on the bed and half on the ground, and remained near an hour in that situation, absorbed in the most shocking ideas; I heard somebody knock at my door; I was scarce able to rise and open it. It was M. London, whom I received shedding a torrent of tears, notwithstanding his eagerness to bring me agreeable intelligence. My heart was so full, and I had been so long a time in such a distressed situation, that I should have been almost suffocated, had I tried to restrain my tears.

When I was a little recovered I embraced this good brother, I made him repeat

repeat to me twenty times over that M. Sping was alive. He could not imagine why I should make a doubt of it, or why I should fear the death of a person so much better in health than myself.

“ It is true,” said he, “ his wound
“ bled afresh on its being dressed, which
“ alarmed the family, as he lost a good
“ deal of blood; and now, my dear Ma-
“ dam, that you are satisfied on this
“ head, I entreat you to hear what he has
“ desired me to tell you; which is, that
“ you will render him truly miserable if
“ you make any attempt to go away
“ from him. He will never give up
“ the promise you made him to be his,
“ let what will happen to him; and he
“ depends, notwithstanding what you
“ have said to his parents, on gaining
“ their consent to his union with you.
“ He has said more, and declares if he
“ cannot prevail on them to consent,
“ he is determined to renounce every
“ thing on earth rather than the happi-
“ ness of being yours. He entreats as a
“ favour, that you will at least wait the
“ return

“ return of the messengers you have sent
“ to the Desert, before you take any re-
“ solution ; he also desired me to tell
“ you, that M. Suple went with them, at
“ my mother’s request, to inform him-
“ self more particularly about you.
“ You are now, therefore, to consider
“ what answer you chuse I should carry
“ him : remember, you have made him
“ very miserable, by acquainting his mo-
“ ther so particularly with the circum-
“ stances of your birth ; he fancied he saw
“ a kind of satisfaction in your counte-
“ nance and manner of acting, which gave
“ him room to think you was pleased
“ with an opportunity to break your
“ engagements with him. This was
“ the reason of his going out so suddenly,
“ and had nearly occasioned his death.”

“ Ah, M. London,” said I, “ hear
“ me in my turn, and do you judge
“ me.”—“ I will hear nothing,” said
he ; “ I have already heard too much ;
“ permit me only to execute the com-
“ mission with which I am charged :
“ there remains nothing more at present
“ than

“ than for me to ask you what answer
“ you will send him by me, for he said
“ he did not dare to hope you would
“ write him a few lines.”—“ What,”
said I, “ does not M. Sping know
“ me well enough to believe I lament
“ the obstacle that separates me from
“ him? Can I suffer so much injustice
“ without complaining? But it is of
“ importance to me to assure him of it,
“ as it may be of consequence to his
“ happiness. Will you give me leave,
“ Sir,” said I, “ to write a line, and to
“ beg you will carry it for me?”

“ This is all I wish for,” said M. London; “ I will deliver it to him with the
“ greatest pleasure.” I then went and
wrote the following letter:

“ M. LONDON has given me new life,
“ by assuring me you still exist; preserve
“ yourself to dome justice, and to love me
“ as I do you. I forgive your cruel sus-
“ picions, and promise an entire submis-
“ sion to all you require of me. I will on
“ my knees entreat your mother to let me
“ accom-

“ accompany her to your chamber after
“ dinner. I have need of this consolation
“ to make my mind easy, and to be con-
“ vinced of your better health.

“ Adieu, too dear, though too unjust
“ friend.”

M. London went to the antechamber of the invalid, where he found a servant, who told him his master had ordered him to let no one into his chamber but his brother.

“ What news,” cried M. Sping, “ do
“ you bring me? Have you seen her?”
said he, with a weak and tremulous voice.
“ Is she still here?”——“ Where else
“ should she be?” said M. London.
“ Be composed and hear me.”——“ But
“ tell me first,” said he, “ if I may still
“ flatter myself I am beloved? May I
“ still hope——” “ Hope every thing from
“ this lovely girl, who adores you,”
replied M. London. “ You would
“ have no doubt of her heart or her at-
“ tachment to you, had you seen her in
“ the melancholy situation I found her
“ in,

“ in, from a bare suspicion of the accident you met with.”

“ My God ! she does love me then, and yet would quit me ! — But does she consent to stay here ? ”

M. London then gave him my letter. “ Ah, you did not tell me she had been so good to write to me ; cruel friend ! ” cried he, taking the letter with eagerness. After reading it — “ How kind,” said he, “ she is to promise to consent to all I require of her ! I am satisfied, and hope with your assistance, my good friend, to gain my mother’s consent. I shall then be happy, and shall be indebted to you for more than life ; but, I entreat you, add to your kindness, by telling me how you found her, and every thing she said to you.”

It is now time to return to Madame Sping, who went out of her son’s chamber into that of her daughter. She there met with the governess, who told her what had passed between her and Lord Harture. Just at this time Madame London was come to see me. I was delighted

lighted at it, as I feared the knowledge of my sad story had abated her friendship for me. We are apt to be unjust when we are under misfortunes, and have doubts of every one when we are without hope. Could I flatter myself that Madame London, who was only just entered into the gay world, should have so noble a way of thinking, as to despise prejudices which above all are respected in this age more than the tenderest laws of friendship? What had I done to deserve that this young woman should risk being censured, and drawing on herself the contempt of a world; not too easily forgiving the want of birth and fortune?

But I did her great injustice, and this amiable woman has often made me blush at my ill-grounded fears of her conduct towards me. You will judge yourself, my dear mamma, when you hear what she did on coming to my room; she embraced me with her usual tenderness and friendship, and called me her dear little sister.

Tears

Tears of gratitude were all the answer I could make her : I was so much affected with her goodness and the kind things she said to me, was so surprised and so confused at finding myself deceived in my opinion of her, that to punish myself for having formed such, I confessed it to her, and told her I could never forgive myself for not having known her better, after the many marks of friendship she had so constantly bestowed on me. I appear very little in my own eyes, my dear mamma, when I compare myself with this generous friend, who, not contented with assuring me of her own friendship, has, without telling me of it, engaged her husband to endeavour to gain over her father and mother. She told me she would use all the interest she had with her mother, to make her consent to her brother's happiness, as well as that of all the family. " My dear Ninette," said she, " do not oppose us in this matter ; but leave us to act, without interfering with your false delicacy. I know you have formed a
" scheme

IN THE DESERT.

" scheme for leaving us ; my mother ad-
 " mires and loves you as if you were
 " her own child ; and spite of the ob-
 " stacles which she fears will oppose
 " your union with her son, she cannot
 " help being much affected at your no-
 " ble behaviour. She told me all you
 " said to her in my absence, which I
 " repeated to my brother. He prides
 " himself in his attachment to you, and
 " protests with more vehemence than
 " ever, that he will sacrifice every thing
 " to the happiness of possessing you. Be
 " not hasty, my dear friend, in these de-
 " licate circumstances, and do not, by
 " opposition, drive to the utmost extre-
 " mities the only person worthy to be
 " your husband. Heaven, who has
 " made you for each other, will assist us
 " in putting a happy conclusion to an af-
 " fair which engages so many virtuous
 " hearts."

" My beloved friend," said I, " you
 " relieve my mind, which has been hum-
 " bled and sunk on account of my
 " birth : I feel that my sentiments are
 " at

“ at least worthy of you, and of what
“ you would do for me. My heart is
“ open to the flattering prospect you
“ would place before my eyes ; but a
“ secret voice calls me back to my duty,
“ and tells me, both honour and grati-
“ tude forbid me to be the wife of your
“ amiable brother.” The tears which
accompanied this declaration, and which
I could not restrain, plainly evinced my
weakness, and proved that it was not
without great efforts I had determined to
make such a sacrifice. Madame London
did all in her power to persuade me I
carried my delicacy too far. I told her
I carried mine no farther than she had
done, by wanting to sacrifice hers to me.
“ You are in an error, my dear Ninette,”
said she ; “ yours is a real sacrifice, mine
“ only an ideal one ; we only despise
“ an absurd prejudice which is contrary
“ to reason ; but you, my dear friend, see
“ what you do, by yielding to the en-
“ thusiasm which your delicate senti-
“ ments have inspired you with. You
“ make the man unhappy who loves and
“ adores

“adores you; you occasion trouble and
“uneasiness throughout a family you
“esteem, and to whom you own your-
“self obliged; add to this dark picture,
“the melancholy existence you are go-
“ing to prepare for yourself. Reflect
“coolly on what I say; I leave you
“now to go to my brother: I am very
“sorry I have nothing more pleasing to
“tell him.” She got up, on saying this,
in order to leave me, but I took hold of
her gown, and intreated her, with tears
in my eyes, not to quit me in the dread-
ful situation she then saw me. I im-
plored her interest for me with her bro-
ther, and told her of the letter I had
written to him to comfort him. “And
“to deceive him,” said she, “since you
“persist in your scheme; but do not
“imagine that I will join in your plot.”
This last expression dried up my tears,
but pierced my heart. I was incapable
of hearing any thing, but was so inward-
ly affected, that the use of my speech,
and even my senses, seemed to be gone
from me; at this moment we were told
dinner was ready.

Madame London, who was not sensible of the severe expression she had made use of, was greatly astonished to see me in such a state of insensibility all in a moment. "What is the matter?" said she; "what can have happened to you?"—"The greatest of all misfortunes," answered I, with difficulty pronouncing my words, which I could scarcely articulate, "to be accused of a plot! Oh, my God! I have no hope but in thee, it is thou alone can do me justice!" and I again began to weep.

My kind friend, who had the best intentions towards me, and who perfectly knew the innocence of my heart, immediately comforted me concerning the word which I had so misunderstood, and begged a thousand pardons for her too great vivacity, which frequently carried her too far, when she wished to serve her friends. I in my turn made her many apologies for my too great sensibility, and we went together to the dining parlour. The family were seated at the table, and I was

I was not a little surprised to see Lord Harture among them, as I thought he was returned to the city. He told me as I entered the room, that he had reserved a place next himself for me. I seated myself there, after having paid my respects to Madame Sping, who received me with her usual kindness. But I must defer till to-morrow an account of this delightful dinner, and the effects which followed. Adieu till then, my dear mamma: you will judge by what I have to tell you, how much it costs me to delay giving you the pleasing news I have to inform you of; but I am surrounded by company, every body is seeking for me; I will tell you every thing: meantime rejoice at the happiness of your dear child.

L E T T E R XVII.

How inconceivable, my dear mamma, are the decrees of Providence! how could I imagine what chance and singular circumstances had reserved for me? At-

tend, my dear mamma, to my surprising story. I know not where to begin; all I have to relate to you is so interesting, that I want to tell it all at once; but it is necessary you should know all that led to the happy event which I am now enjoying; for this reason I must go back to the dinner which I have already mentioned: I told you I was seated next Lord Harture, and opposite to Madame Sping, whose eyes I dared not encounter, for fear of meeting reproaches, which I thought I merited from her on account of the trouble I had brought into her family; but her friendly and kind appearance soon banished my fears. She perceived my confusion, and saw me endeavouring to eat what she helped me to, which made her try to make me easy by indirect means. "My dear," said she to her daughter, "your brother is much better since you saw him; I was most agreeably surprised on going again to his chamber, to see him standing up, and apparently quite well: he came to me and embraced me with so much

"satis-

"satisfaction in his countenance, that I
 "almost thought it a miracle, and I
 "believe, if he had ventured to propose
 "dining with us, he would have been
 "well enough to come down stairs.
 "Thank God, he is now out of all dan-
 "ger! His father will be here in a week,
 "and I hope will find him in as good
 "health as he left him."

"Let us drink a glass of wine to this
 "agreeable toast," said Lord Harture.
 "And to the happy return of his good
 "father," said I, presenting my glass for
 some wine to Madame Sping. "I thank
 "you, my dear child," said she; "I am
 "much obliged to you for not forget-
 "ting my husband, for he is greatly at-
 "tached to you."

"Never, never shall I forget his kind-
 "ness or yours, my dear Madam," said
 I. "I also am much indebted to him,"
 said my Lord, looking at me; "was
 "not he the first who received you here
 "when you dropped from the clouds?
 "What is there in that to make you
 "blush?" added he; "well, I will say

“no more of it at present, but it will
“be with difficulty I hold my tongue,
“as I am much inclined to talk.” To
turn the conversation, as he had appeared
rather piqued, M. London told him it
was M. Suple who had seen me first.
“Apropos of M. Suple,” said Madame
Sping, “we shall see him to-morrow.”
“Is he then come back?” cried I. I then
looked at M. London, who made signs
to me that I was not to discover my
knowledge of his being gone to the De-
sert. I therefore said no more, only that
I should be glad to see him again. We soon
after got up from table, and went to the
saloon. As we went along, I heard Lord
Harture say to Madame Sping, “Since
“your son is so well, what danger can
“there be in telling the young folks
“what I so much wish them to know?
“What use is there in waiting till to-
“morrow? I hate such delays; I should
“have told them ten times over, if I
“had not been afraid to displease you.”
I could not hear what answer she made;
but to reflect a little more at my ease
on

on so many circumstances which I did not understand, I went into my own chamber.

M. Suple's return, which I knew was from your habitation, made me at first think that perhaps you was come with him. But why was it to be made a mystery? Lord Harture's conversation, and the kind reception Madame Sping had given me; the news they had to tell the young folks; all this passed and repassed many times in my mind, without my being able to comprehend any thing of it. I only imagined I had nothing terrible to learn, as my Lord in that case would not have been so eager to tell us. These considerations made me easy enough to go down again to the saloon. The great desire I had to learn the secret, made me go very readily to join the company I had left there; but I was surprised to find every body gone, except Lord Harture, who was reading a paper, which he laid on one side of him, desiring me to place myself on the other, that I might hear what he had

to inform me of. I seated myself with some timidity at a little distance from him. "Come nearer, my dear child," said he, "do not be afraid of me; I am "one of your best friends, I wish to be "a father to you. Ah! am I not in reality your father? Are you not the "daughter of Mademoiselle Nina de "Lizadie? Were you even to deny it, I "should notwithstanding be certain of "it. Let us see this pretty face; they "are her features, but still more beautiful—Poor creature!—She was very "lovely—I would have married her if "my parents had not forbid me."

"What is it you tell me, my Lord?

"What am I to conclude from this?"

said I, with such a trembling at my heart that I could scarcely speak. "Is "it possible you can be my——"

"Father," said he, with his voice altered by tears, which he endeavoured to conceal, by turning round to take up the paper which I had seen him reading.

"Here," said he; "these are the proofs "of it," giving it me to read. He then

fetch-

fetched a deep sigh, and while I was
 reading said to himself, " Dear and
 " tender Nina, why were you not here
 " to partake of my joy, and the happi-
 " nefs of this lovely creature ! " Here,
 my dear mamma, is the paper which you
 had in your hands, and of the contents
 of which you was ignorant ; my Lord
 had received it fast sealed, and still stain-
 ed with the tears of my poor mother.

" THIS is to give notice, that I,
 " George Harture, hereby certify and
 " attest, that I have given my word of
 " honour to Mademoiselle Nina de Li-
 " zadie to marry her : and as unforeseen
 " circumstances have arisen, which have
 " prevented me from so doing, I here-
 " by faithfully promise by every thing
 " sacred, that I will acknowledge as my
 " own, the child with which she is now
 " pregnant, and will take care of and
 " provide for it.

(Signed) GEORGE HARTURE,"

The following is what my mother add-
 ed to this writing when she found her-
 self near dying :

“ I HEREBY certify and attest, that
 “ Ninette, whom I leave in a Desert
 “ under the protection of Mademoiselle
 “ Zelia, is the daughter of George Har-
 “ ture, Baron of Cornbury, whom I free-
 “ ly forgive for all the evils he has occa-
 “ sioned me.

(Signed) NINA DE LIZADIE.”

Judge, my dear mamma, of the hap-
 py situation in which I found myself af-
 ter reading so authentic an attestation of
 my birth. I threw myself into the arms
 of this tender father, who pressed me to
 his bosom, calling me his daughter, his
 dear child. “ Heaven,” said he, “ has
 “ preserved you for my happiness, and,”
 added he with tears, which mixed them-
 selves with mine, “ I feel the most live-
 “ ly joy, and hope you are equally hap-
 “ py in having found a father who loves
 “ you, and who will in future derive
 “ his felicity from having it in his power
 “ to repair, by his tenderness to you,
 “ all the faults he committed with re-
 “ gard to your unfortunate mother.”

My

My heart was so oppressed, I was so much affected, and in such emotion, that I was not able to speak one word.

At length I said, throwing myself at his feet, "Receive, my dear parent, receive the dutiful respect of an unfortunate child, whom your goodness is going to load with favours and honours; pardon the weakness of my expressions, I know of none which can express the tenderness with which you have inspired me. Had Heaven indulged me with the liberty of choosing a father, it is you on whom my heart would have fixed."

"Charming creature!" said he, raising me up; "and you also should have been my daughter, had I been at liberty to have called you so. The first day I saw you, your features brought back to my mind those of your mother, without however calling her to my remembrance, or consequently allowing me to think that you might so nearly belong to her. But come, my dear child, let us not soften each other

“ too much ; be composed yourself, and
“ give me time to recover myself, be-
“ fore the family return : it is a long
“ time since I have been under such a
“ pleasing agitation of spirits.” — “ But,
“ my dear father, will you permit me
“ to ask you some questions before I
“ go ? How did you get this paper,
“ which must have come from the De-
“ fert ? ” — “ M. Suple brought it to me,”
said he. — “ Then,” said I, “ he has
“ seen my dear mamma, and why have I
“ not seen this good M. Suple ? I fear
“ he has no good news to tell me.
“ Good God ! should I be so unfortu-
“ nate — ! ” and I burst into tears.

“ Why these tears, my dear child,” said
my Lord, “ when every thing seems to
“ favour you ? I do not love to see you
“ weep without a cause ; you have no-
“ thing to afflict yourself with, be calm
“ and attend to me. I will never de-
“ ceive you my dear child, you will soon
“ know me better, and you will always
“ find me the same.” He then told me
what I had desired to know, and he had
such

such a kind and open manner, that from that moment I placed the utmost confidence in him. "It was little Sophia," said he, "who gave me the first insight into an affair which I could not have divined in a hundred years. I am much indebted to her for it; she is a sensible, pretty girl, and I love her. Who would have thought, or suspected, that such an event could happen to me in a country so distant from that in which I had known my dear Nina? I came hither to dispose of my son in marriage, which I thought an agreeable one for him: I found him in bed grievously wounded, and by whom?—by the most gallant man in the whole country. I am sure my child will not contradict that."

He went on without perceiving how much I blushed, and said, "I understand my son was in fault, and at that time I had nothing of more consequence than to find out the man who had insulted him; every thing was very clear; but the result of this accident

“ cident was not so, as I find my own
“ daughter was the object of my son’s
“ dispute. You cannot conceive this
“ poor young man’s astonishment when
“ he heard you was his sister. I enjoyed
“ his surprise before-hand, as I knew
“ him well enough to be certain this
“ event, which would take from him a
“ part of his fortune, would only give
“ him pleasure. My son has good and
“ noble sentiments : I know of no other
“ faults he has, except those of his
“ youth and the situation he is in ; a
“ few years more will correct these er-
“ rors. The marriage which I intend
“ for him with the most amiable English
“ woman, would soon fix him and bring
“ him back to his duties, but he
“ has not yet submitted to my rea-
“ sons ; however I do not despair of
“ gaining his consent. We will now,”
said he, “ return to that which so much
“ interests you. Madame d’Ermancour
“ is in perfect health, which I rejoice at,
“ as I have the greatest regard for this
“ good mamma, who so well brought up
“ my

“ my dear Ninette. I should be very
“ happy to be able one day or other to
“ return the obligations you and I are
“ both under to her, and it would give
“ me great pleasure to do as much for
“ her son, as she has done for my
“ daughter.” He then told me that you
would have returned with M. Suple, if
M. d’Ermancour had been able to take
the journey; but that he was not yet
sufficiently recovered from a severe fit
of illness to undertake it, and that your
children were very well. I then asked
him, if you had not been so kind as to
write me a few lines? He told me there
was a packet directed to me, but that
M. Suple happened to come just as
M. Sping was taken ill, and his mother
was so much engaged with him that she
had put off his visit till the next day, only
begging him not to let the other person
who accompanied him be here before
him. “ For my part,” said my Lord,
“ I had been so well informed by So-
“ phia and her governess, and was so
“ earnest to clear up my doubts, that
“ with-

“ without saying a word I ran to
“ M. Suple, but found him determined not
“ to say any thing except in Madame
“ Sping’s presence. I was therefore
“ obliged to submit, and returned to the
“ house with the intention of using every
“ argument in my power, to induce her
“ to go with me to this good priest’s
“ house, who would not tell me one
“ word of what I so much wished to
“ know. Fortunately her son was well
“ enough to request being left alone ;
“ on which his mother came down, and
“ we went together to M. Suple’s
“ house. He then related what I have
“ just told you, and many more things
“ which you will hear from himself, for I
“ did not attend to the conversation after
“ I had seen the packet addressed to me,
“ and sealed with your mother’s coat of
“ arms. I instantly knew the hand : Ma-
“ dame d’Ermancour sent this packet to
“ Madame Sping, accompanied by a let-
“ ter from her, in which she said, not be-
“ ing able at present to come herself, to
“ explain what she wished to know re-
“ specting

“specting her dear Ninette, she had sent a
 “packet which probably might answer the
 “intent, and begged her to send it to me
 “to England; she said it had been given
 “to her by Ninette’s mother the evening
 “before she died, intreating her to for-
 “ward it as directed, should any fortu-
 “nate opportunity present itself.”

“Mademoiselle de Lizadie,” said she
 in her letter, “died at the moment she
 “recommended the care of her dear
 “daughter to me, and from that mo-
 “ment I have always regarded her as
 “my own child, and still love her equal-
 “ly. Nothing on earth could give me
 “more pleasure than hearing she is in
 “a family where she is so kindly
 “treated, and that she has not ceased
 “to remember me.”

During this recital I was drowned in
 tears, but at the last words, which seem-
 ed to reproach me, my sobs were redou-
 bled. Lord Harture then stopped, hav-
 ing perceived my situation: he took me
 in his arms, and I leaned on his shoul-
 der, still weeping, and remained in
 this

this position, till at length reflecting on the pain I must naturally cause so good and tender a father, I disengaged myself gently from his arms, and entreated him to pardon my weakness, and the trouble I gave him. “Forgive me, my dearest father,” said I, seeing him much moved by the disagreeable situation he had found me in; “I have been much to blame with regard to this amiable woman, and cannot hear of the kind manner in which she speaks of me, without accusing myself of ingratitude. I should never have forgiven myself for having left her, if I had not by so doing, which seemed to me as if Heaven had inspired me with the idea, found a beloved father.”—“Certainly,” said he, “I never should have come to seek you in the Desert; it was necessary for you to come out of it in order to our meeting each other, and Providence surely directed you; you were guided by it my dear child, therefore do not reproach yourself, but enjoy your present happiness.”

ness without scruple. I am the first
cause of that fault with which you ac-
cuse yourself, and of all the disagree-
able events you have met with; you
must therefore forget them, in order
to make me do the same. Come, my
dear child, let me see that you for-
give me, by appearing happy from
this time. I will neglect nothing to
make you as much so as hitherto you
have been unfortunate."—"My life,"
replied I, "is wholly at your service,
my dear father, and shall always be
employed in trying to deserve your
kindness." I then tenderly kissed his
hand. "I see plainly you will make
me very happy, my dear girl," said
he; "but let us talk calmly over our
affairs, which are now in common be-
tween us. Do you imagine I can
think of leaving you here? I am most
anxious to see you established in a
better apartment at my house."—"At
your house! What, in England?" said
I, with precipitation. He smiled and
looked at me without answering for some
mo-

moments, and then said, "No, not in
"England;" for he saw me impatient
for his answer. "No, no, my dear,
"I shall not carry you so far at present.
"It is to Achem I wish to conduct you
"to-morrow, if you consent to accom-
"pany me."

I told him I would go any where,
wherever he ordered me to follow.
"Even to England?" said he, looking
archly at me. "Every where, my dear
"Sir," said I; "only sometimes I
"would beg leave to lay before you my
"objections. You know I have friends
"to whom I am much indebted, and
"whom I should be grieved to disoblige.
"Madam Sping has been like a tender
"mother to me, and her children have
"treated me as a beloved sister. Should
"I quit them so suddenly, do you not
"think they would have reason to accuse
"me of ingratitude? Alas! I should
"rather die than merit this reproach."
"But, my dear child, do you think Ma-
"dame Sping would disapprove of my
"carrying my daughter home with me,
"after

“ after asking her leave for form’s sake ?
 “ for surely I may command my child.
 “ However, fear not that I shall be
 “ wanting in respect to your friends. I
 “ shall never forget what I owe them
 “ for having preserved thee, as well as
 “ for having abated the severity of thy
 “ fate. As long as I live I shall never
 “ cease to convince them of my grati-
 “ tude. Have you, my dear child, any
 “ other observations to make ? Tell me
 “ every thing you disapprove.”

“ I have already, my dear Sir, told
 “ you I am yours and only yours, not
 “ only by the ties of nature, but by the
 “ esteem and respect which I felt for you
 “ from the first day I saw you. Your
 “ generous proceeding gained my heart
 “ before I was informed I had the happi-
 “ ness of belonging to you. It is not
 “ your titles, or your riches, my Lord,
 “ which affects me ; it is your senti-
 “ ments which I honour you for, and which
 “ will be my pride, when I bear your
 “ name, and publicly am permitted to
 “ call you Father. It is you yourself
 “ whom

“ whom I love and respect, and who
“ have inspired me with the most perfect
“ confidence. The dear and revered
“ title of Father, which I had so much
“ pleasure in pronouncing, affected me
“ with such tender sentiments, that my
“ mind appeared quite elevated after the
“ long and tedious humiliation I had
“ suffered on account of my unfortu-
“ nate birth; and it went still farther,
“ by appearing to render me more wor-
“ thy the object my heart had made
“ choice of. To approve of my choice
“ would complete my felicity. And I
“ can venture to assure you, my Lord,”
said I, in a faint and tremulous voice,
“ that the person for whom I solicit
“ your approbation, justly merits it by
“ his noble sentiments and generous
“ way of thinking.”

I was interrupted at this moment
by the entrance of Madame Sping, who
gave me a packet which she said came
from my good friends in the Desert, and
which she had reserved for the pleasure of
bringing me herself such an agreeable
piece

piece of intelligence. You may easily guess, my dear mamma, how this dear packet was received. I kissed it, and then put it into my pocket, as it was necessary to defer the reading of it till I had replied to Madame Sping's compliment. My Lord presented me to her as his daughter, which she knew already, but we had not seen each other since it had been declared. She was eager to congratulate me upon it; but added, as she sat down by me and looked at me, that she could not herself rejoice at an event which perhaps might be attended with bitter regret, and occasion the death of her son. "Ah, my Lord," said she, "what tears are you going to make us shed. My daughters are in the utmost affliction, and I have been these two hours with my son, endeavouring to comfort him and conquer his fears."

"What is it he fears, my dear Madam?" replied my father, taking her hand in the kindest manner. "He fears, my Lord," said she, "what
" has

“ has now happened ; we all fear you are
“ going to take away this dear child,
“ whom we so much love, and who
“ would have made our family so
“ happy.”

“ I will not take her from you, Ma-
“ dam ; you have still the power of fix-
“ ing her destiny, and may assure your
“ son he has nothing to fear.” — “ What,
“ my Lord ?” said she. “ Were I a
“ prince, Madam, I should take a pride
“ in doing honour to virtue, and I should
“ think myself honoured by giving my
“ daughter to your son.”

I took her hand, which I pressed, and
bathed with my tears, without being
able to speak a word. Madame Sping
was also silent. “ I understand you, my
“ dear child ; have I not guessed who this
“ person was whom you did not name ?
“ What say you, is it not so ?” All the
answer I could make him was, to em-
brace him. “ And what say you, Ma-
“ dam ?” said he, after disengaging his hand
from Madame Sping. “ I have only to
“ say, my Lord,” replied she, “ that I
“ know

“ know not how to express my grati-
 “ tude.”—“ As to that,” said he, “ it
 “ is I that owe you so much gratitude
 “ for all the kindnesses you have bestowed
 “ on my daughter.”—“ It is you and
 “ your worthy husband,” said I, who
 “ have procured me the happiness I at this
 “ time enjoy.”

She embraced me tenderly, and called
 me her daughter, her dear daughter.
 “ This good M. Sping,” said my Lord,
 “ is a long time on his journey.”—“ He
 “ will be here in eight days,” said his
 wife, “ to partake of our happiness;
 “ mean time I am going to inform you
 “ what he says of our dear child. I have
 “ a letter from him which is all con-
 “ cerning her, and which contains as fol-
 “ lows :

Letter from M. SPING.

“ I am delighted, my dear, at the
 “ good news you give me of your health,
 “ and equally so with what you tell me
 “ our charming Ninette has communi-
 “ cated to you concerning her birth. I
 VOL. III. E “ admire

“ admire with you the frankness and
“ goodness of her heart, which serve to
“ make her still more dear to me, and more
“ worthy to become the wife of my son.
“ If she has no father I will be one to
“ her. All that grieves me is to see her
“ so determined to break her en-
“ gagements with us; she has only one
“ fault, which is that of carrying her
“ delicacy too far. I hope we shall be
“ able to cure her of this enthusiasm,
“ which makes her think she ought to
“ sacrifice herself for the honour of her
“ friends. I will convince her that this
“ honour is only chimerical, that I de-
“ spise it, and that it must prevent our
“ mutual happiness.

“ Remember me to our dear children;
“ they have all written to me, my son-
“ in-law as well as the rest, to tell me
“ their fears and the concern it would
“ give them, should they be obliged to
“ be separated from a sister to whom
“ they are as closely united by friend-
“ ship as they are to each other by blood.
“ My son, who is still more tenderly at-
“ tached to this lovely girl, appears
“ deeply

“ deeply affected; I know his sensibi-
 “ lity, and fear for his health. I im-
 “ plore this dear object of his affection
 “ to have pity on him; let her not de-
 “ prive him of hope; engage the dear
 “ girl to give you her word that she will
 “ do nothing contrary to his wishes till
 “ my return, which will be in about
 “ eight days at the farthest. I shall be
 “ charmed to find myself amongst you
 “ once more; my happiness is to be in
 “ the midst of my family. You, my
 “ beloved wife, are the principal orna-
 “ ment of it, as you are also my greatest
 “ felicity.”

After reading this letter, I was not
 able to express how much I felt; my
 friends conduct being so much superior
 to my own, and how much I owed to
 their goodness. I could only declare the
 impossibility of ever being sufficiently
 grateful. I implored the assistance of
 Heaven, and prayed to the Divine Being
 to reward their kindness.

Lord Harture, who had not heard the whole of my story, did not understand what Madame Sping meant by saying I would have broke my engagements with them, and demanded an explanation of it, which she complied with, and I took that opportunity to read your letters.

I thank you, my dearest mamma, on my knees I thank you, for all the kind things which you say to your poor little fugitive, which name you have called me by in your letter. But you very soon forget my leaving you for the sake of expressing your joy at finding me again. The hope you give me of seeing you in a short time, completes my happiness. I offer up my most ardent prayers for the recovery of M. d'Ermancour, who will also, with your dear children, be the companion of your journey. What pleasure will it afford me to embrace you all! And shall I also see the worthy Jerome? All your family are so dear to me, that I have never passed one day of my life without thinking of your goodness

ness and tenderness to me, which made me enjoy so many happy days.

But I am interrupted; I must quit you, my dear mamma, contrary to my wishes, as I had a thousand things to say to you which I must defer till to-morrow.

LETTER XVIII.

It is now three days that I have not had one moment's time to resume my pen. I told you, my dear mamma, that I left Lord Harture and Madame Sping talking whilst I went to read your letters. I was so agreeably employed, that I did not perceive they were gone out; but I was not sorry to find myself alone, in order that I might have time to recover from the agitation my mind had been in. My heart was with all my dear friends in the Desert. I saw them, I could hear them rejoice that their poor Ninette was found. I threw myself at the feet of my dear mamma, and she raised me up to press me to her bosom. I was bathed

in tears, when Madame London came into the room equally softened as I was; I dared to call her sister.

“ I know it all,” said she, as soon as the agitation of her mind would allow her to speak. “ Mamma has told me our happiness, and you confirm it by the kind appellation you give me. Ah, my beloved sister, I may then in future, unless you forbid it, call you by that dear name. My poor brother!” added she, looking at me with tears in her eyes; “ how much do I wish to be a witness to the joy he will have, when my Lord tells him he has no objection to his being his son-in-law.” “ What!” said I, “ is my father gone?” “ Yes,” said she, “ he is gone to demand the hand of my brother for his daughter. These are his own words; and I assured him he would not be refused.”

“ How is this dear brother now?” said I. “ Have you seen him since dinner?”—“ I came from his chamber just now,” replied she; “ he only
“ wants

“wants a little rest; he has no other illness at present, but being too much agitated. He is so impatient to see and embrace the father of his dear Ninette, that he said he would come down by and by, to throw himself at the feet of this respected father, to congratulate him on being the author of your days.”—“I might have guessed it,” said he, as he walked hastily along his chamber; “so fine a figure, with a heart so noble, announced a distinguished origin. But even if she had been born of obscure parents, she would nevertheless have made every one captive to her charms.”

I interrupted Madame London to ask her, why her brother, who pretended to know me so well, had been able to doubt for one instant my heart? “My dear sister,” said she, “had I gone on with the conversation we have just had, you would see how well he knew the heart which he adored. He never feared losing you, but when he saw you persuaded that an alliance with
E 4 “him

“ him might injure him. He never
“ imagined an elevation of fortune
“ would be an obstacle to his happiness as
“ long as you was at liberty ; but he did
“ not know what Lord Harture’s opinion
“ might be ; and it might have happened
“ that his Lordship should have deter-
“ mined to take you with him to Eng-
“ land, and married you there to a man
“ of his own rank.” — “ Never, never !”
said I ; “ my Lord is my father, and I love
“ and respect him, but he could never
“ have changed my heart, and conse-
“ quently could never have disposed of
“ it to any other than your brother.”
“ — Ah, my dear,” said she, “ you know
“ not what power fathers have. It is
“ very seldom they consult their daugh-
“ ters inclinations when they dispose of
“ their hands. It is the convenience of
“ fortune and family interest which de-
“ termine them, and it is a happy thing
“ for you that your father has a more
“ generous way of thinking than most
“ people of his rank ; and my brother
“ was not to blame for having been
“ afraid.”

“ afraid.”—“ My charming ‘friend,”
 said I, “ you deserve, what is much be-
 yond rank and title, to be the sister of
 the most amiable of men, of the best
 of brothers.”—“ Say also, my dear
 Ninette,” replied she, “ that he is the
 tenderest of lovers, to the most lovely
 of her sex.”—“ I only regret,” said I,
 that I have not a crown to offer him
 with my hand.”

Our conversation was put a stop to
 by Sophia, who had been witness of the
 interview between her brother and Lord
 Harture. After she had complimented
 me in the most graceful manner upon
 the pleasure she should have in calling
 me sister, she told us, with a transport
 of joy, what she had just heard.

“ I was with my brother and M. Lon-
 don,” said she, “ when Lord Har-
 ture was announced; mamma came
 with him. My brother got up to re-
 ceive him, and met him at the door.
 My Lord took his hand, but had not
 time to carry it to his lips; for before
 he could do that, my Lord embraced
 him

“ him affectionately, and then sat down
“ by him, obliging him to go to his usual
“ place on the sofa, and then en-
“ quired very tenderly after his health.”

“ I can never complain, my Lord, of
“ an accident, which has this day given
“ me an opportunity to congratulate you
“ on a felicity in which I share with you;
“ but I should be very wretched, my
“ Lord, if I did not hope to receive
“ from your goodness a title the most
“ flattering to my wishes.”—“ I am
“ come,” said my Lord, “ to offer you
“ this title; my daughter has completed
“ my wishes by discovering her secret to
“ me. She is yours; I came to tell
“ you so; and also to tell you, in giving
“ her hand to you, that I present to you
“ a father not unworthy your friendship.”

“ Ah, my dear sisters,” said the sensible
little Sophia, “ how I wish you had both
“ been there to enjoy my brother’s felicity.
“ He threw himself at Lord Har-
“ ture’s feet, who raised him in an instant
“ and pressed him in his arms. I saw
“ tears run down both their cheeks,
“ every

“ every body took out their handker-
 “ chiefs, and I found I also stood in need
 “ of mine. But though we were all
 “ weeping, yet I could not help reflect-
 “ ing upon one thing which I must tell
 “ you. These tears were very different
 “ from those I shed some days ago; I
 “ was not uneasy though I cried; my
 “ heart felt quite at ease, though I had
 “ the appearance of concern. Why
 “ is there only one way to express the
 “ different passions of grief and joy?
 “ I was thinking of this, when my mam-
 “ ma came to me and wiped my eyes;
 “ I threw myself into her arms, and she
 “ pressed me to her bosom with great
 “ emotion; after which I was embraced
 “ by Lord Harture, my brother, and M.
 “ London. All this was done in silence,
 “ which my brother broke first, by
 “ saying, that something was still wanting
 “ to this affecting scene—he stopped—
 “ My two sisters,” said I, “and my papa!
 “ Yes, my dear girl,” said my brother,
 “ I wish all the family to share in my
 “ happiness. But, my Lord,” added he,

“ must I be deprived of seeing your
“ lovely daughter as long as my arm is
“ bound up, and whilst I am obliged to
“ wear this undress? Will you have the
“ goodness to permit me in this disha-
“ bille to throw myself at her feet, and
“ ask her to confirm the gift you have
“ so generously made me, of her hand?”
“ I see no impropriety in your request,”
“ said Lord Harture; “ but why cannot
“ my daughter come here, and receive
“ your compliment herself?—I will take
“ upon myself to bring her to you, un-
“ less your mother will be so kind to
“ take that trouble, for it grows late,
“ and I must return home.” My bro-
“ ther went directly to his study, to
“ write to you; and as soon as he was
“ gone, Lord Harture said to mamma,
“ Before I go, Madam, I wish to in-
“ form you of my intentions respecting
“ my daughter, whom I intend to-mor-
“ row to come for, in order to establish
“ her in my house. “ This,” said Sophia,
“ was the only part of the conversation
“ I did not like; but hear the rest:—

“ You have certainly a right to do as
“ you please with your own child,” said
mamma, “ but I hoped you would have
“ left her with us till my husband came
“ home.” “ That cannot well be, Ma-
“ dam,” replied he, “ and you will
“ agree with me, when I have ex-
“ plained my meaning. Is it not true,
“ that my having found my daughter is
“ already known throughout your house-
“ hold? It will very soon reach the city
“ and the environs. The intention also
“ of marrying her to your son, will also
“ be made public. My friends will
“ then speak of it; they will ask my
“ permission to see her and be presented
“ to her. What answer could I make
“ them if she was still at your house?
“ Besides, I mean to make a public ac-
“ knowledgment of her in a day or two,
“ by having her baptized under my
“ name: and add to all these reasons
“ one more, which you, who are so
“ tender a mother, will allow to be better
“ than all the rest; which is, the fond-
“ ness of a father.”—“ Do you think,
“ my

“ my Lord,” said she, “ there would be
“ any difficulty in keeping secret what
“ has just happened ?”—“ Impossible,
“ Madam,” said he ; “ I would lay any
“ wager it is known already in some of
“ the neighbouring houses, and I should
“ not be at all surpris’d were I to hear
“ it mentioned when I return to the
“ city.”—“ I will say no more, my
“ Lord, you are the best judge ; but
“ this departure is so sudden, my poor
“ son will not have time to recover from
“ the different agitations he has this day
“ suffered.”

“ M. London then made his objec-
“ tions. — “ Mademoiselle Ninette,”
“ said he, “ ought not to go out of this
“ house, but to the church where she is
“ to be baptized and to take her father’s
“ name. The ceremony will be the
“ more authenticated by waiting for the
“ lady of the Desert. She alone can at-
“ test the birth of the child, and declare
“ publicly that Mademoiselle Ninette is
“ the same who was born in the Desert,
“ and whose mother on her death-bed
“ had desired her to take care of as the
“ daughter

“ daughter of Lord Harture and of Ma-
 “ demoiselle Nina de Lizadie.”

“ These reasons,” said our dear little
 Sophia, “ began to have their effect on
 “ your father, and a few words more
 “ convinced him. He promised to
 “ leave our dear sister, and to take no
 “ steps without consulting his friends;
 “ he then went away, after asking mam-
 “ ma’s leave to come to dine with us
 “ to-morrow. I then went into my
 “ brother’s study, he had just folded the
 “ letter which he bid me bring to you—
 “ here it is.”

“ Oh, my dear Sophia,” said I, taking
 it with eagerness, “ you should have—”
 “ Do not blame me,” replied Sophia,
 “ I have exactly followed the directions
 “ which were given me; I was not to give
 “ you the letter till I had told you all
 “ you have now heard. If I am to blame,
 “ it is for having obeyed my brother.”
 “ —No, no,” said I, embracing her,
 “ you have not been to blame. Will
 “ you allow me?” said I, to Madame
 London,

London, breaking the seal of the letter, which contained as follows.

Letter to Miss HARTURE.

“ I SHALL be with you, my dear Ma-
“ dam, almost as soon as you receive
“ this letter. It is to throw myself at
“ the feet of my beloved. I am coming,
“ transported with love and joy, to en-
“ treat her to confirm the precious gift
“ of her hand, which her noble father
“ has just granted me. I shall obtain
“ this favour, or the cruel refusal would
“ cost me my life. I have charged So-
“ phia with this billet ; embrace her, my
“ dear Madam, for the tender interest she
“ takes in the happiness of her brother ;
“ she will inform you of an affecting
“ scene which has just passed ; but even
“ with all her sensibility she cannot de-
“ scribe the delightful sensation I felt
“ when I was pressed in the arms of the
“ amiable and respectable father of the
“ beloved mistress of my heart.”

I had

I had scarce finished reading this letter, when I heard Sophia tell her sister, in a whisper, that her brother was come; I went towards the window and saw him cross the garden to come to us. With what pleasure did I look on this amiable and generous man, whom I saw again for the first time, after the pains and troubles he had experienced both on my account and his own! I know not whether my imagination added to his graces, but I thought he never looked so well.

I must give you his picture, my dear mamma. You already know his heart, and if you can only imagine a countenance suited to the goodness of that, you will easily know him when you see him; it is painted in his face, as I wish to do in my letter; you need only see him in order to judge of the charms of his mind. He is tall, has a noble appearance, graceful manners, an open generous countenance, with much life and vivacity in his eyes: and thus did he appear to me, when I saw him from the window which looks into the garden.

He

He walked quickly along, with an air of satisfaction, looking up at the windows, but did not see me, because I had placed myself on one side to have a better view of him.

How, my dear mamma, did the heart of your poor Ninette palpitate when he entered the hall! He was at the door of the saloon, while I still looked for him in the garden: but turning about, I saw him at the door, scarce daring to advance; his body was almost bent; he asked me, with timidity, if I would permit him to present himself before me in so unfit a dress.

“Your situation is a very just excuse,” said I, advancing towards him, and giving him my hand. How well did he look even in this dishabille, which he seemed ashamed to wear before me! I had never seen him but in the dress which is usually worn by people in general, and which is not always the most agreeable or convenient; that which he now had on, had both these qualities united. It was a kind of robe made of
white

white taffety, embroidered with rose-buds, and the vest of the same; his hair was negligently tied up with riband, and on his head he had a kind of turban made of the same silk as his robe. His wounded arm was hid, like the other, in the sleeves of his gown, and I only saw a piece of the black riband, which kept it confined, tied about his wrist.

When he had spoke to me and his sisters, he sat down by me, and kept hold of my hand, which he had never quitted. "And is this dear hand mine," said he, "which you wanted to deprive me of?" "You would very soon have deprived me of life," said he, putting my hand to his heart, which I felt palpitate under my fingers.

"I restore to you," said I, "this hand, which unfortunate circumstances had forced me to withdraw; but believe me it was not without the most painful efforts that I was able to make such a sacrifice; my heart bled many times

“ times at the misfortune which the
“ cruelty of my destiny——”

“ And I have been sufficiently un-
“ just,” cried he, interrupting me; “ but
“ forgive me, my dear madam, and com-
“ plete my felicity by assuring me of
“ it. I have also many apologies to
“ make to my dear sisters,” said he; “ I
“ have given them much uneasiness
“ during my despair.” They both ran
weeping to embrace him, during which
I had my handkerchief at my eyes, to
stop a deluge of tears which I felt run
down my cheeks. At this moment the
dear little Sophia took my hand and
held it to the mouth of her brother, who
kissed it tenderly; I leaned my head on
his shoulder, and our tears mingled with
each other’s; I asked after his wound;
“ I will satisfy your curiosity on that,”
said his sister; “ my brother shall not
“ think about it to-day; he has been but
“ too much vexed, by having been the
“ cause of the new accident which he ex-
“ perienced.”—“ Why, my dear sister,”
said he, “ would you spare my self-love
“ in

“ in the opinion of this dear creature ?
 “ Ought she not to know perfectly the
 “ man she prefers ? I shall never blush
 “ to acknowledge my faults ; she will
 “ soon learn the impetuosity of my tem-
 “ per ; in truth it was scarcely disco-
 “ vered itself, till the moment I was in
 “ dread of losing what was of so much
 “ consequence to my future happiness.
 “ Yes, my dear madam,” added he,
 “ your determined refusal ever to be
 “ mine threw me into despair, and I
 “ sought to die, by tearing off the dress-
 “ ings from my wound, which had be-
 “ gun to heal ; I alarmed the whole
 “ house by this violence, and even you
 “ suffered from the effect of my vio-
 “ lence. Was it by such means I should
 “ endeavour to conquer your virtuous
 “ heart, which I had nothing to reproach
 “ with, but too great an excess of deli-
 “ cacy ? I blush when I reflect on this
 “ moment of my life, but the sweet and
 “ gentle character of her who will soon
 “ unite her destiny with mine, will re-
 “ gulate

“gulate my conduct, and restrain the
“more violent emotions of my mind.”

“When people have the resolution to
“confess their faults,” said I, looking
at Madame London, “it always makes
“them appear less: who can say they
“have nothing to reproach themselves
“with? But few there are who have
“honour enough to be sensible of them,
“and to acknowledge them publicly.”

I fixed my eyes on M. Sping as I pronounced these words; that moment M. London came in, he was the only one of the family I had not seen since my change of situation; what did I not owe to this good friend? “We have all been wishing for your presence,” said I, getting up to welcome him. “I congratulate
“myself, my dear madam,” replied he,
“to be admitted as one of your relations; you will complete our pride as
“well as happiness by your alliance.” He then stooped down to kiss my hand, but I prevented him by offering my cheek. You are to know that M. London is one of the most obliging men in
the

the world: I had formed a very wrong judgment of him before his marriage; for ever since we have known more of his temper and disposition, all the family are delighted that they yielded to his wife's entreaties; she certainly knew him better than any one else, and formed a right opinion. He has nothing remarkable in his person, being rather ill made, has a serious and constrained appearance, with the English gloom on his countenance, which does not prepossess you in his favour; but to form a just opinion of him, you must see him at his ease amongst his intimate friends: it is then that he appears to advantage, and that his countenance softens, and discovers great good sense and vivacity; no one can speak more to the purpose upon all subjects than he does.

Now, my dear mamma, I have brought you acquainted with all the friends with whom your Ninette spends her time; it will also be necessary for me to include Lord Harture's son in the number, whom I shall in future call my brother. M.

Sping

Sping tells me I shall very soon conquer those prejudices which I had formed in his disfavour. He told me once, when talking on this subject, that vanity, and the desire of shining in the eyes of a fine woman, frequently spoiled the best disposition; but that my brother was sensible of the injury he did himself by giving way to such foolish conduct, which he had learnt from some of his acquaintance in the city; but that he had very soon corrected himself and avoided their company. "As you also have done," said I, without thinking I should give him pain; for I only did it in order to let him know I was not wholly unacquainted with his little indiscretions. He blushed, and looked at me with great astonishment; I also felt my face burn when I recollected my indiscretion, and we both remained silent for some time. He at length took pity on my confusion, and asked me no more questions on a subject which I ought not to have mentioned to him; I had no right to reproach him on his conduct or behaviour, when

when I had no hopes of ever being united to him.

But to return to M. London : He told us M. Suple was with his mother, and that they were both coming to join us in a few minutes. They came in directly, and I went to receive him with open arms, calling him my father and protector ; I should have embraced him if he had not declined this mark of my gratitude. He saluted me in the most respectful manner, and all the family welcomed him as a friend who had been many days absent. M. Sping, who, as well as myself, was anxious to interrogate him, entreated him to sit down, and begin to give us an account of the journey he had made to oblige us, and told him we should never forget the favour he had done us. “ I will be answer-
“ able for this dear girl’s thanks to
“ you,” said he, seating me at the same time by this good man ; I also expressed my obligations to him in the strongest terms. He turned towards M. Sping, and congratulated him on having placed

his affections on so worthy an object. He then took a paper from his pocket, which he presented to me, telling me it was the history of his journey. “ You
“ will find in that the particulars of
“ every thing I met with ; but I have
“ not been able to express as I ought,
“ the kind reception I met with from
“ Mademoiselle Ninette’s friends.”

I was looking over the papers, but M. Sping begged my permission to read them aloud to the company, and began the interesting narrative as follows :

Journal of M. SUPLE.

“ I went from Achem in company
“ with the person whom Mademoiselle
“ Ninette had charged with her commis-
“ sion, as well as instructions which way
“ to proceed, in order to find the road
“ to the Desert. I had also with me
“ two black slaves, which M. Sping
“ had the precaution to send with me.
“ They carried our little baggage, and
“ the provisions necessary for the occa-
“ sion.

“ sion. After we had ascended the
 “ mountain about a quarter part, we saw
 “ the opening in the cavern through
 “ which Mademoiselle Ninette had crept;
 “ but not thinking it wide enough for
 “ us to pass through, we made the slaves
 “ work to enlarge it, which they did by
 “ breaking the stones on each side, and
 “ soon procured us room to get easily
 “ through it.

“ This subterranean grotto seems to
 “ go the whole length of the mountain.
 “ We arrived at the rivulet mentioned
 “ in the little chart of our journey: we
 “ stopped there to refresh ourselves, and
 “ our servants cut off branches of trees
 “ to the right and left in order to mark
 “ the road. After we had ate, and drank
 “ of the clear water of this rivulet, we
 “ went straight forward in search of the
 “ habitation we wished to find; but though
 “ we went as fast as we could, we were
 “ not able to get there before night.
 “ The moon, which had hitherto light-
 “ ed us, now ceased to shine, every
 “ thing was perfectly quiet, and we

“ determined to rest ourselves also till
“ day-light.”

Here we were interrupted by a servant announcing Lord Harture and his son; my Lord came in first to prepare me for this unexpected visit. “ I am come,” said he to Madame Sping, “ to ask you for
“ a supper, and your permission to present my son to you. I entreat your
“ pardon of him in consideration of the
“ delightful union which is to take place
“ amongst us; and on you, my future son-in-law, I depend, on account of your
“ former friendship to him.” He then turned to me, and told me he brought me a brother who thoroughly repented his folly, and was very impatient to see me. At this moment he entered, with an air so diffident and modest, that I should scarcely have known him had he not been announced.

“ My dear Madam,” said he, coming up to me, “ I entreat your pardon, and
“ at the same time your friendship, on
“ my knees.” I rose in order to embrace him, but he stepped back, saying
he

he was not worthy such a favour, but that he would endeavour to merit it by his future conduct, which he hoped would obliterate his past faults. He did not venture to call me his sister, but without waiting for my answer saluted the rest of the company, and embraced M. Spring several times; they then congratulated each other on the adventure which had reunited them, and which they hoped would cement their former friendship, and made enquiries after each others health. While they were conversing together, I told my father what pleasure it gave me to see such an improvement in his son's behaviour. "I beg you, my
" dear Sir," said I, "to assure him of my
" sincere friendship, and that you will
" entreat him to regard me with the
" kindness and affection of a brother." My Lord repeated aloud what I had said to him, and called to his son, telling him he wanted to see his two children embrace each other. "My dear father," said M. Harture, "this young lady is
" your own daughter, I should know it
" by her generous conduct." He then

came to me and embraced me, calling me his dear sister; our good father was much delighted, and convinced us of it by pressing us both in his arms. He observed M. Sping held a paper in his hand, which he appeared to be reading; he asked what it was?—"It is the account of M. Suple's journey," said I; "will you, my dear Sir, permit M. Sping to continue reading it to us?"—"Most willingly," answered he; "I have a great desire to hear the particulars of this journey, and to know how our friends of the Desert are." M. Sping then continued, after acquainting Lord Harture with the beginning.

Continuation of M. SUPLE's Journal.

"Being arrived at a small distance from the habitation, we all sought for a convenient place to repose in, and had placed ourselves at some distance from each other, in the midst of a plantation opposite the house. The first person who came out of it in the
"morn-

“ morning, was the faithful Jerome, who
 “ was not a little surprised to see us; at
 “ first he thought he was dreaming, and
 “ that his eyes were not yet open: he
 “ rubbed them several times, as he after-
 “ wards told us, and then advanced to
 “ see whether we were dead or alive.
 “ When he found we were fast asleep,
 “ he returned to acquaint the family
 “ with what he had seen; but spite of his
 “ prudence and attention, he could not
 “ avoid saying with great emotion, that
 “ on going out he had seen four men
 “ lying asleep near the house. M. d’Er-
 “ mancour, who is a man of the
 “ greatest courage and resolution, asked
 “ for his pistols, which he conceal-
 “ ed under his night-gown, and went
 “ out, after having desired his wife
 “ and children not to be afraid. I awoke
 “ at that instant, whether from any noise
 “ I heard, or that the sun began to shine,
 “ I know not; but on opening my eyes
 “ I saw a man of the most noble appear-
 “ ance, who came to me with the most
 “ courteous air. I rose to meet him,

“ but that moment saw him returning
“ towards the house, where he stopped
“ to speak to a lady who still stood at
“ the door. ‘ Go back, my dear,’ said
“ he to her; ‘ do not follow me, I en-
“ treat you, but return and take care of
“ our dear children.’ He then came
“ towards me, who was then near
“ enough to speak to him, and, saluting
“ me with the greatest politeness, asked
“ me what had brought me to this part
“ of the world?—‘ I imagine,’ said I,
“ it is M. d’Ermancour I have the ho-
“ nour to speak to.’—He told me I was
“ not mistaken, but that he was asto-
“ nished to find I knew him. He then
“ asked me for what purpose I was come
“ with my companions, who, he pointed
“ out to me, were still asleep?—‘ It was
“ with a view to give you pleasure, Sir,’
“ said I; ‘ I come to you from Made-
“ moiselle Ninette.’—‘ What! from that
“ dear child?’ said he. ‘ Ah, generous
“ stranger, come with me, and make
“ the most amiable of women happy by
“ your intelligence.’ After this he shook
“ hands

“ hands with me, and entreating me to
 “ follow him, he ran before to acquaint
 “ his amiable companion. I found this
 “ charming woman seated, with her
 “ children standing round her; M. d’Er-
 “ mancour had entreated her to recover
 “ herself, in order to hear me. I could
 “ not help stopping a few moments in
 “ the room, being struck with admira-
 “ tion at the sight of so interesting a
 “ picture. ‘ Oh, my dear husband,’
 “ said she, ‘ how you have alarmed me!
 “ I could not see you expose your life,
 “ without being terrified to death. Alas!
 “ I have no fears but for you and these
 “ dear children!’ I knew not whether
 “ to advance or retire, but the little boy
 “ having perceived me, set up a cry,
 “ and ran to hide his face in his mam-
 “ ma’s lap; upon which I determined
 “ to go out again, and give them time
 “ to recover themselves. I found all
 “ my fellow-travellers awake, and Je-
 “ rome conversing with the messenger,
 “ who you know spoke very good French.
 “ I desired them to retire to a little dis-
 F 5 “ tance,

“ tance, on account of the alarm which
“ our sudden appearance had occasioned
“ in the family.

“ I then returned and sat down on a
“ seat before the door to wait for M. d’Er-
“ mancour. I was scarcely seated
“ when I saw him appear, attended by
“ his lovely wife. ‘ Forgive me, gene-
“ rous stranger,’ said she, advancing to-
“ wards me, ‘ and do not judge of me
“ by the ungracious reception I gave
“ you. Is it really true, that you are
“ kind enough to bring me news of our
“ dear child? And is this dear Ninette
“ still alive?— Yes! she is, and I shall
“ see her again. When, Sir, shall I
“ again hold her in my arms? Almighty
“ God,’ said she, ‘ grant if I see her
“ once more, that she may be worthy my
“ affection!’ ‘ Doubt it not, Madam,’
“ replied I; ‘ she is virtue herself; she is
“ worthy of all those sentiments you feel
“ for her: and here,’ added I, taking
“ Madame Sping’s letter from my pock-
“ et, ‘ is a convincing proof of it.’ She
“ could not read this letter without
“ shed-

“ shedding many tears ; and when she
 “ had finished it, ‘ Generous lady,’ said
 “ she, ‘ how can this dear child ever
 “ sufficiently acknowledge your kindness?
 “ And you, Sir, who was her first pro-
 “ tector, her guardian, and her father,
 “ how can we ever be thankful enough
 “ to you?—Read this letter, my dear,’
 “ said she to M. d’Ermancour, ‘ from
 “ this respectable lady : see what she has
 “ done for our dear Ninette, and what
 “ she is still going to do ; she
 “ talks of giving her son to her for a
 “ husband.’—‘ This I know,’ said I, ‘ is
 “ her intention, and the wishes of all
 “ the family ; and M. Sping is worthy of
 “ her, I can assure you.’—‘ Happy girl !’
 “ said Madame d’Ermancour, ‘ it was
 “ certainly Providence which conducted
 “ you to Achem.”

“ Ah, my dear mamma,” cried I, on
 hearing this, “ you know not yet
 “ half the happiness of your dear Ni-
 “ nette : you know not that she has
 “ found her father.

“How, M. Suple, shall I ever be
“able to return the kindness you have
“done me? And you also, my dear Ma-
“dam?” said I to Madame Sping.
“Mamma was quite right in saying I
“could never make you amends.”

M. Sping was not able to support any longer so interesting a scene; he went out, and we were soon after informed that supper was ready. “I am not sorry for
“this interruption,” said my Lord, wiping his eyes; “come, come, let us go
“to supper.”

M. Suple, who never sups abroad, begged a moment’s conversation with me before he retired. “I did not intend,” said he, taking up a box which he had put on a table, “to have presented this
“to Mademoiselle Ninette, till we came
“to that part of my journal where it is
“mentioned; but as I am obliged to
“go, I will acquit myself of my com-
“mission now. This box, Madam, is
“what Madame d’Ermancour desired
“me to deliver into your hands.” He then went away. I was very anxious to
open

open the box, and having asked leave of my father and M. Sping, I found in it a small packet sealed, and upon the cover was written the following words, in my mother's hand :

“ This box contains the picture of
 “ Lord Cornbury, father of the child I
 “ shall leave at my death to the care of
 “ Mademoiselle Zelia. Should my
 “ daughter be so happy as to find her
 “ father, I request them both to shed a
 “ tear on this picture, which I so often
 “ have bathed with my tears.”

I took up the picture, and hastily kissed it many times, fully complying with my dear mother's request, by bathing it with my tears. Lord Harture took it out of my hand, and then taking me in his arms, said to me, “ Come, my dear child, come
 “ and comfort your father, and mingle
 “ your griefs with mine ; let us both
 “ weep for the best and most unfortunate
 “ of women.”—“ My dear mother,”
 said I, “ why cannot I have the happi-
 “ ness

“ness of seeing you in the arms of the
“best of fathers!” M. Sping came in
at this moment: he heard what I had
just said, and saw me in tears. “My
“Lord,” said he, “I intreat you to
“spare this too sensible heart.”—“I will
“leave her to you,” said my Lord, get-
ting up; “do you comfort, and try to
“compose her.” He then went out to
recover himself. We then all retired to
the eating parlour; I took hold of Ma-
dame London’s arm that we might go to-
gether, and placed myself on the right
hand of Madame Sping, expecting Ma-
dame London, as usual, to sit next me.
“No, my dear friend,” said she, “this
“is the place M. Martigni has appoint-
“ed for me;” saying which she made
him a low courtesy.

M. Martigni is the favourite domes-
tic of M. Sping, who came in just as we
were laughing at this pleasantry. When
he had apologized to my father for his
dishabille, he came and took the place
next to me, which was vacant, which
made every body smile and look at Mar-
tigni,

tigni, who had succeeded so well in his little stratagem. M. Sping asked what they laughed at, that he might join in the mirth; Madame London was dying to tell him, and to improve the account by adding some of her arch observations, which did not displease M. Sping, for when he had heard it he looked very graciously on Martigni, who still preserved his serious and respectful gravity.

“ Sister,” said he afterwards, “ I bespeak your pardon for this honest fellow, but I cannot be angry with him.” — “ I am no more angry with him than you are,” replied she; “ ask him, if I did not on the contrary make him a low courtesy to thank him.” — “ No,” said my father, “ there is nothing to be angry at; and on reflection,” said he, in a whisper, “ these sort of people judge better than we think for.”

I sat on thorns all this time, and dared not look up; and my blushes, which I could not hide, increased my confusion. M. Sping perceived it, and to divert the conversation, asked me how many children

dren my mamma of the Desert had?
“ I want much to go and see her,” said
M. London, “ unless she comes here
“ very soon.”—“ My dear friend,” said
Lord Harture, “ I will accompany you
“ thither whenever you please; I am not
“ less anxious than yourself to see this
“ charming family.”

M. Sping did not express the least
desire to take this journey with them; but
I was not surprised at it, as I knew he
would get ready to fetch you as soon as
the road was made practicable for you to
travel through it with convenience.

During the rest of the supper time we
continued talking of you. When we
rose from table, Madame Sping said it
was too late to finish reading the remain-
der of M. Suple's Journal. Lord Har-
ture was of the same opinion, and said
it should be deferred till to-morrow at
breakfast, when he would come with his
son, on condition that we should all re-
turn and dine with him, which was agreed
to; and Madame Sping said, she should
like it much, if her son was able to dress
himself.

IN THE DESERT. 113

himself. "I hope," said he, "I shall not derange such an agreeable party." M. and Madame London returned to the city with my father and brother, and every one else retired to rest. I am also going to bed, and to-morrow will inform you what has passed.

LETTER XIX.

I LITTLE thought yesterday, my dear mamma, that it would be from Lord Harture's house I should write to acquaint you with the particulars I am now going to relate.

I had had a charming night's rest, when the servant who waits on me came to tell me from Madame Sping, that part of the company were already come to breakfast. I got up immediately and dressed myself; while my hair was dressing, Martigni came from his master to know how I did. I could not help blushing to see this man, who so well understood his master's inclination.

clination. I asked him if his master had had a good night.

“ I know not whether he slept well,
“ Madam, but he appears in very
“ good health to-day ; I have not seen
“ him so cheerful this long time : he
“ has been trying whether his lame arm
“ would allow him to put on a coat,
“ and has succeeded wonderfully.”—
“ I am very glad to hear it, my good
“ friend,” said I ; “ pray tell your
“ master I am also very well, and much
“ obliged to him for his attention.”

He then went out, and Madame London came to me a few minutes after, and we both went together to the saloon, where all the company were met to breakfast, except M. Sping, who came just after with a rose in his hand, which he gave to Mr. Harture, desiring him to present it to me. “ No, my dear friend,” said my brother, “ I should be afraid of fading it by
“ my touch ; and that she may receive it
“ with all its perfections, it is necessary
“ it should be presented by the most
“ amiable of men to the most lovely of
“ women.”

"women." Saying which, he guided M. Sping's hand with the rose in it to me. I accepted it, and thanked them both; little Sophy was at this time employed in making tea; she turned towards me, and said, "*a rose to a rose*," for which all the company praised her, and her brother embraced her.

After breakfast, they proposed finishing the Journal, which I was impatient to hear. M. Sping begged to be excused from reading it, and my brother offered to take his place: the paper was given him, and he began at the place we left off at yesterday. There was none of the family absent but M. London, whose business had prevented his coming.

Conclusion of M. SUPLE'S Journey to the Desert.

"Madamed'Ermancour asked me why
 "her dear Ninette had not written to
 "her?——' I only waited your orders,
 "Madam,' said I, 'to call the messenger
 "who

“ who has brought letters and papers;
“ you will find a journal, containing
“ every incident which has happened to
“ Mademoiselle Ninette ever since she
“ left you.’—‘ Fetch him hither di-
“ rectly, Sir,’ said she, ‘ I entreat you.’

“ Saying this, she got up and was
“ going on, when she saw him advance.
“ ‘ Come my good friend,’ said she,
“ ‘ satisfy my impatience, and give me
“ directly my dear child’s letters.’--‘ You
“ must permit me, Madam,’ said he, ‘ to
“ follow exactly the orders which were
“ given me by the charming young
“ lady who sent me to you. She or-
“ dered me to give them to you on my
“ knees, and to tell you how much she
“ wished to be there herself to implore
“ your forgiveness and indulgence.’
“ ‘ Rise my good friend,’ said Madame
“ d’Ermancour, ‘ I thank Heaven and
“ the messenger who brings me such
“ happy tidings.’

“ She then retired to a corner of the
“ room to open her packet, and took
“ from it a letter which she could scarce
“ read

“ read for weeping; she then knelt down,
 “ and raising her hands and eyes to Hea-
 “ ven, she said, ‘ I thank thee, Al-
 “ mighty God! thou hast now com-
 “ pleted my happiness!’

“ She then returned to us with joy
 “ and tranquillity painted in her coun-
 “ tenance; she begged me to walk into
 “ the house with her, and gave M. d’Er-
 “ mancour the letter she had just read.
 “ I find you are a priest, M. Suple,’ said
 “ she, when we were seated. ‘ My
 “ daughter has told me your name and
 “ sacred character, which will afford us
 “ a happiness of which we have long
 “ been deprived. You will fulfil the
 “ wishes of an unfortunate couple who
 “ have frequently lamented the fate of
 “ their poor children.’

“ M. d’Ermancour, who had staid
 “ without to read the letter, returned at
 “ this moment. ‘ What happiness does
 “ this dear child make us look forward
 “ to!’ said he, as he restored it to his
 “ amiable wife. ‘ You are going, Sir,’
 “ said he to me, ‘ to confer happiness
 “ on

“ on all this family ; and this assurance
“ is a sufficient reward to a heart so ge-
“ nerous as yours. My dear wife, bring
“ hither our children, let them see and
“ pay their respects to this good father :
“ let them pay to him the tribute of
“ their innocent hearts, till they are
“ capable of feeling and knowing the
“ great service he can render them.’

“ She went immediately to fetch them ;
“ in the mean time, M. d’Ermancour
“ said to me, ‘ You know a part of my
“ story, and have heard the misfortunes
“ of this amiable woman, for whom I
“ have abandoned the whole world ; but
“ no one except myself can inform you
“ of the virtuous perfections of her mind.
“ Let not the intimate connection be-
“ tween us make you judge unfavour-
“ ably of her conduct ; she has nothing to
“ reproach herself with. Had I been
“ as virtuous as herself, her life had
“ been without a spot. But Heaven
“ was witness to the purity of her heart,
“ and will efface from memory this
“ only error in her life, to the end that
“ she

“ she may appear to the world, in which
 “ we are going to live, as an example to
 “ her sex. She will always give me the
 “ utmost degree of happiness, let me live
 “ where I will with her; I shall be proud
 “ of my wife, and my children will be
 “ so of their mother. Her friends
 “ will respect her, and she will be an
 “ example to all who know her, by the
 “ exactness with which she performs her
 “ duties. You yourself, my good fa-
 “ ther, you shall judge of her, and, like
 “ me, you will esteem her and admire
 “ her.’

“ She came in at this moment lead-
 “ ing her two children, who knelt down
 “ to me, entreating to kiss my hand. I
 “ took them both in my arms and pressed
 “ them to my heart. The little Zeli-
 “ nette trembled, but when I would
 “ have conducted her to her mamma—
 “ ‘O no, Sir,’ said she, ‘you must
 “ bless me before you carry me to mam-
 “ ma; she begs you will give me your
 “ blessing,’ and she put her little hand
 “ on

“ on her head, and her brother imitated
“ her.

“ ‘ Lovely little creatures !’ said I, in
“ a voice half stifled by my emotions,
“ ‘ may Heaven bless you according to
“ my wishes and your own merits ; and
“ may you both,’ said I, ‘ complete the
“ felicity of your parents.’ They then
“ returned to their mamma, whom they
“ found in tears. ‘ Why do you cry,
“ mamma?’ said the little girl; ‘ we have
“ both been blessed, and is not that
“ what you wished for? I did not be-
“ have like a baby, mamma, I did not
“ tremble.’ — ‘ He is not naughty,’
“ said the little boy ; ‘ therefore, why
“ should we be afraid of him? Has he
“ done us any harm sister?’ — ‘ O no,
“ I shall never be afraid of him again;
“ he is a very good man,’ replied Zeli-
“ nette.

“ ‘ Alas ! my dear children,’ said their
“ mamma, ‘ you are not yet sensible of
“ all his goodness, you must love him
“ and respect him, he is our friend, he
“ knows and loves our good Ninette, and

“ came

“ came on purpose to see us and bring
 “ us news of her.’—‘ This is good news
 “ indeed,’ said the little boy, ‘ I must
 “ thank him for it, for I dearly love my
 “ god-mamma. Sir,’ said he, coming
 “ to me, ‘ Mademoiselle Ninette is my
 “ good friend and my god-mamma; why
 “ did not you bring her with you? Mam-
 “ ma wept sadly when she left us. But
 “ where is she, what does she do alone in
 “ the woods?’—‘ She is not in the woods,
 “ my dear child,’ said his father, ‘ she
 “ is much better off, she is happy and
 “ content, she will also make us all
 “ happy by means of this good gentle-
 “ man,’ added he, ‘ and all those friends
 “ who have preserved her.”

Here we were interrupted in our read-
 ing by a person coming to tell Madame
 Sping that she was wanted in her own
 apartment. M. London came a few mi-
 nutes before she went—“ Are the ships we
 “ saw last night arrived?” said my bro-
 ther. “ They have cast anchor, and
 “ many of the passengers are come on
 Vol. III. G “ shore,”

“shore,” replied M. London. Upon which my brother immediately went away. “Is there any news of my father?” said M. Sping. “He is arrived,” answered M. London; “I went to meet him, which was the reason I could not breakfast with you, my dear,” said he, addressing himself to his wife.

Madame London and Sophia ran to embrace and thank him for the good news he had brought them, and went out of the room to go and welcome their father. Their brother was already gone, and I wanted much to accompany them; but M. London advised me to stay, as did also my Lord, who wished nothing more than to see the protector of his daughter.

“I am most anxious to see him, and thank him,” said he. “Does he know all our history, M. London?” “He has been informed of every thing,” said he; “he is oppressed by your kindness, and as soon as he is a little rested, he will hasten hither to express his
“gratitude.”

“gratitude.” M. London then told us they had kept the arrival of the fleet a secret from us, because the wind being contrary for the landing the passengers, they thought it would spare us some uneasiness by concealing it till M. Sping was come on shore. This good man entered at this instant, and I ran to throw myself into his arms. He pressed me to his bosom, and expressed his happiness at being likely to call me his daughter.

“Behold here is my voucher,” said I, pointing to my father; “it is he who renders me worthy a title which you had the goodness to allow me at a time——” “At all times, my dear Madam,” said he; “you deserved the approbation of every honest heart. Present me,” added he, advancing towards my father, “to this worthy parent, and entreat him to receive to his friendship a man who is proud to have been the friend of his amiable daughter.”

They embraced and congratulated each other on the happy circumstances

which had brought them acquainted, and which would cement a lasting friendship between them. Imagine, my dear mamma, the joy I must have felt on seeing these respectable men happy through my means, and by the union which they had consented to with the beloved of my heart. I looked round for this tender lover in order to convince him of my satisfaction, but he was not present at this pleasing interview: he ought to have foreseen it, and been desirous to have shared this pleasure with me. This was my first idea of it, and I was rather vexed with him; but you will soon see, my dear mamma, it was without reason, and that I am always to blame when I accuse him. When I saw all the company assembled in order to go to dine at Lord Harture's, I asked Madame London where her brother was? She looked at her father without answering. This at first gave me alarm, but it was soon over, when her father replied, he was sure I could not guess. "I have
" already acquainted my Lord of the
" cause

“ cause of his absence,” said M. Sping,
 “ and have also begged leave to intro-
 “ duce another guest to him at dinner,
 “ who was unexpected, and is a very
 “ amiable young man: you, my dear
 “ Madam, will I am sure see him with
 “ pleasure, as he is one of your rela-
 “ tions.”—“ One of my relations, Sir!”
 said I. “ Yes, and he is very impatient
 “ to be acquainted with you.”—“ Why,
 “ Sir, how can this be, when I have no
 “ relations on earth, but this good Lord
 “ Harture, whom Heaven sent hither
 “ for my happiness?”—“ But is it not
 “ possible your mother should have re-
 “ lations?”—“ Ah, Sir, is it possible?
 “ Shall I receive so many blessings at one
 “ time?”—“ Yes, my dear child, Hea-
 “ ven is just, and loves to reward virtue;
 “ it is to that I attribute the desire I
 “ had to take my passage in the ship
 “ your relation commanded, rather than
 “ any other, which failed at the same
 “ time. You find which way I became
 “ acquainted with him; but I must give
 “ you a more particular account of this
 G 3 “ matter;

“ matter ; meantime, he will acquaint
“ you with all you want to know re-
“ lative to the family of your unfortu-
“ nate mother.”—“ This, Sir,” said I,
“ is an additional obligation to be added
“ to those I already owe you.”—“ You
“ owe me nothing, my dear Madam,”
replied he, “ I am labouring for my own
“ happiness, by contributing to yours.
“ Besides, I have done nothing; it is for-
“ tune which has favoured us, by bring-
“ ing you hither, and conducting Lord
“ Harture also to this place; and it is the
“ same good luck which has just brought
“ me acquainted with one of your re-
“ lations. I knew not, when I went
“ from hence, that your mother’s name
“ was Lizadie; I only knew she was
“ called Nina. Your relation is called
“ the Chevalier de Lizadie. I little
“ thought he was your cousin. We had
“ in our ship an inhabitant of Batavia,
“ who came upon business to Achem.
“ We were talking of persons who pos-
“ sessed the largest estates in the island
“ of Java, and he mentioned M. Man-
“ field

“ field as one of the richest, but the most
 “ unhappy of fathers. M. de Lizadie,
 “ who was at a little distance, heard
 “ only the last words, and immediately
 “ said, ‘ Do you know any particulars
 “ relative to that gentleman? Has he ever
 “ heard what became of his daughter
 “ and his son-in-law?’—‘ Mademoiselle
 “ Zelia was not married, when the un-
 “ fortunate, catastrophe happened;’ re-
 “ plied the passenger. The name of Zelia,
 “ joined to an unfortunate event, made
 “ me curious to know more, and I re-
 “ ceived great pleasure when I heard
 “ our Captain say, he was related to
 “ Mademoiselle Nina de Lizadie.

“ I then made enquiries concerning
 “ M. Mansfield, who I understood had
 “ perished in the shipwreck, and was
 “ not a little surprised to hear that the
 “ father of Mademoiselle Zelia reco-
 “ vered from the kind of trance in which
 “ he was carried on board the vessel
 “ which failed for Batavia.”

“ What!” cried I, “ is not M. Manf-
 “ field dead? Will then my dear mam-

“ ma see her father again?—O, Divine Providence, how inscrutable are thy ways ! But pray go on, M. Sping,” said I, “ and pardon me for interrupting you.”

“ I can never,” said he, “ tell you how sensibly your relation was affected, and how much surprised to hear that M. d’Ermancour, whose sister he had married, and Mademoiselle Zelia, were both alive. He said a great deal in their praise, and as deeply regretted the death of Mademoiselle Nina de Lizadie, who, he said, was his first cousin ; that she was a lovely woman, and deserved a better fate. ‘ Indeed I think so, Sir,’ said I ; ‘ at least if I may judge by the amiable daughter she has left.’—‘ A daughter !’ replied he, ‘ was she then married after the shipwreck ?’—‘ I then, my dear Madam informed him of all that was necessary for him to know before he saw you. I had been acquainted, by my wife’s letters, of your happy meeting with your father ; he has a hundred times since
— blessed

“ blessed the lucky chance which brought
 “ him acquainted with me, and since
 “ then we have been inseparable.”

O my dear mamma, why cannot I this moment bring you this happy intelligence, and at the same time tell M. d’Ermancour that his father and mother are alive; and that his sister is well, and has got two charming children, a boy and a girl. I think I see your joy and surprise, even at this distance, and share with you in thankfulness towards the Almighty, who will soon end all your troubles and reward your virtues. You need no longer, my dear mamma, say, when looking at your children, “ What will become of them when we “ die?” You will no longer sigh on their account, you will not now accuse yourself as the cause of unhappiness to M. d’Ermancour’s parents; you will soon be able to restore him to their arms, and make them happy in their old age. What a delightful prospect now opens before you! Why cannot I see it realized at this moment? It is my most ardent wish,

I can only enjoy my felicity in part, till I share it with you.

I am interrupted, but will finish my recital to-morrow.

Adieu, my dearest mamma, and my dear cousin; I am proud of this title; it will still more closely attach us to each other.

L E T T E R X X .

I LEFT off yesterday, in order to go with the rest of the family to dine at my father's house, after having heard the history of Sping's happy meeting with Captain Lizadie. I know not whether I have told you, that my brother Harture is an officer of great distinction in the navy, and he is at this time commander in chief in the harbour of Achem, and consequently has the power to order all the guns to fire on board the different vessels which now lie there. We heard them on our arrival at the city. I was carried, as well as the rest of the company, by black slaves, in a fine palanquin, preceded

ceded by a company of officers on horseback, and some of the most distinguished citizens of Achem, who had come out to meet me.

They conducted me to the church, where I arrived delighted with my equipage and almost intoxicated with pleasure. The younger M. Sping kept the whole way close to my palanquin on one side, and my brother was on the other, both of them enjoying the pleasure which they had procured for me. My surprise was extreme when I found myself in a church, instead of my father's house, whither I thought I was going. But he did not leave me long in surprise; he came to me with open arms, and desired me to forgive him.

“ I would not, my dear child,” said he, “ acquaint you with my intentions, lest I should meet with obstacles, as I had before done when I first mentioned my desire of having you baptized. They wanted me to wait for your friends from the Desert, which did not suit with my impatience to

“ see you in my own house as my avowed
“ and acknowledged lawful daughter ;
“ and I did not chuse you should enter
“ the house on any other terms.”

The ceremony was not long, and the same equipage conducted me, after it was over, to my father's house, accompanied by musical instruments, firing of guns, and the acclamations of the people, whom with pleasure I heard congratulating him on having found his daughter, and bestowing on her a thousand praises in which he also joined ; but which I was conscious I was far from deserving. I found at the door all the domestics of my Lord and his son.

“ My good friends,” said my father to them, taking me by the hand, “ here is
“ my daughter ; I engage you to love
“ and serve her with the same zeal and
“ affection you have hitherto shewn for
“ me.”

These good people said every thing they could to prove their regard for their master and me, and I at length got through a crowd of them, who were
saying

saying the most flattering things of me, and arrived at a saloon, where I was happy to find myself surrounded only by my friends and relations.—My relations did I say? Yes, there were many respectable ones. Do you recollect your poor Ninette, my dear mamma? Can I recollect myself, when I compare this moment with that in which I found myself after having quitted you? At that time I neither hoped nor foresaw any consolation for me in the world I was in search of: I was still more to be pitied, when I was made sensible of the humiliation my birth exposed me to, by excluding me from all the advantages of society. I saw myself obliged to renounce even those which I derived from my kind friends, and my love also, that I might not expose myself to remorse of conscience, which would one day or other reproach me for having sacrificed to my own happiness, that of the man I adored. I never shall forget this unfortunate circumstance in my life; it will continually remind me of what I owe to my friends,

as

as well as the best and tenderest of fathers.

After I had a little got the better of such a change in my situation, in the effusion of my heart, I threw myself at the feet of this honoured parent in the midst of my friends, by whom I was surrounded, and implored his kindness to a daughter of whose happiness he had already been the cause.

“ Finish your work, my dear father,
“ by making me worthy the title you
“ have given me; direct me in the new
“ path I am entering into, and help me
“ to testify my gratitude to all these
“ my good friends, who put me into
“ your arms!” which was really the case.
My father would not suffer me to remain on my knees. “ Come, my dear
“ child,” said he, “ come to me, and
“ let me press you to my bosom, while
“ you convince me of your affection for
“ me, and receive proofs of mine from
“ a father whom you have made perfectly happy.”

He

He then led me to Madame Sping, and said to her, "Madam, I recommend this dear girl to you, who will soon be her mother, comfort her timid heart, and give her more confidence in herself; let her see how very necessary she is to her father's happiness, and that of all her friends."

Several persons who were standing at the window seemed eager to bestow their praises; and M. Sping, who was among them, said aloud, "It is impossible that I can ever deserve her!" I turned my eyes towards him, and then perceived a young man who looked at me with astonishment. The father of M. Sping perceived it, and took this opportunity to present the stranger to me. "This, my dear Madam," said he, "is your relation whom I had the honour to mention to you."

While this young man addressed himself to me, I looked at my father, who understood me. "This is M. Lizadie," said he, coming to me; "I waited a favourable opportunity to present him
" to

“ to you.”—“ Forgive me, Sir,” said I, with some timidity, “ that I did not observe you at your first entrance into the room; I am impatient to demand your friendship for an unknown relation, who congratulates herself on being allied to you.”

“ I am very happy, my dear Madam,” said he, “ that my good fortune has been such as to introduce me to you; and permit me to request the favour that you will acknowledge me as your relation; it will be very flattering to me and all my family, and it will afford me the greatest pleasure to inform them of it.”

When these little compliments were at an end, we all sat down to dinner, where the greatest harmony reigned. Soon after it was over, I entreated my Lord's permission to retire for a moment to another apartment. He rang the bell and ordered a servant to desire Mrs. Norton to come to him. “ She is my housekeeper, and has lived with me these twenty years,” said he; “ and she is
“ a very

“ a very sensible good woman.” She came whilst he was praising her, and did not contradict, either by her person or appearance, what he had said. She seems about forty years old, and looks very healthy and active. “ Mrs. Norton,” said my father, “ conduct my daughter to her own apartment; I recommend her to your care, and desire you to love her for her own sake as well as for mine.”—“ You shall be obeyed, my Lord,” said she; “ your orders are easily complied with, but I am not so sure of obtaining the regard of the young lady.” I embraced her, and assured her of my friendship, and then went out with Madame London and Sophia, to whom I had beckoned to follow us.

We went through many elegant and well-furnished rooms, beautifully ornamented with all kinds of valuable and precious things; but my bed-chamber was the most delightful room I ever saw, and afforded me the greatest pleasure, by being furnished with a charming toilet,
and

and commodoes filled with all sorts of silks and linens for my use, together with beautiful India callicoes and muslins, which Mrs. Norton made me admire : and pulling out a drawer, she presented me with a purse of gold, which she told me her Lord had desired her to give to me, and at the same time to tell me, I should every month find the same sum on my toilet. This kind attention of my dear father's gave me great pleasure ; I eagerly counted the sum, and found it an hundred pieces of gold : I made a present of twenty-five to Mrs. Norton ; I was obliged to press her before she would accept them. I then desired her to distribute twenty-five more to the servants ; and I afterwards drew Sophia aside, and begged her to take the remaining fifty ; twenty-five of which she was to dispose of to her father's servants, and the other half to be given to good M. Suple for the benefit of the black slaves whom I saw at my first coming here ; and this was the first time I ever experienced the pleasure of shewing my gratitude. These
poor

poor slaves were, at the time that I was thinking to reward them, in the garden: there were about a dozen of them with their wives and children. They begged, through M. Sping, to see me at the window, that they might congratulate me. I went thither with great pleasure, and received their compliments gratefully; but I was in great confusion on being told I ought to make them a present. My father, who already knew what I had done with my money, and that my purse was quite empty, came to me and said, "My dear girl, give these good people a part of the money in your pocket; let us see," said he, with a cunning look, "this purse of yours." I blushed, and took it out of my pocket. "Pardon me, my dear Sir," said I, shewing him it was empty, "I have been very extravagant, and ought not to have disposed of your noble present before I had even thanked you for it." He took the purse, without replying, and put another hundred pieces of gold into it, and then gave it

to me, saying, " There, go and make your
" presents, and do not blush at the ge-
" nerosity of your heart, which so much
" adds to my felicity." He then em-
braced me, which the slaves seeing from
the windows were much delighted at,
and uttered loud acclamations of joy and
pleasure on seeing me treated with such
tendernefs. I went nearer to them, ac-
companied by M. Suple; this worthy
priest always went with them, whenever
they assembled together to go to a gen-
tleman's house. They sang and danced
round me, and then prostrated themselves
before me.

One of them, whom I have already
mentioned as the favourite of M. Sping
the younger, placed at my feet a beauti-
ful bouquet made of little shells. They
then seated themselves in a ring, by M.
Suple's order, and at my request he dis-
tributed among them a part of my purse,
and I gave the rest to their wives and
children.

These poor women greatly excite my
compassion; they have the appearance of
being

being more miserable and more humbled than their husbands, who do not seem to have much affection for them. I took great notice of them and their unfortunate infants : they appeared content, but without any signs of cheerfulness ; even their countenances betray their unhappy situation. I saw them depart, and pitied their hard destiny. M. Sping, who came to join me in the garden, turned my attention from these melancholy objects to his own ideas, which were still more sad.

“ You pity these poor people, my dear Madam,” said he ; “ your heart feels for them who at this time are perfectly happy ; they return to their cabins with joy and pleasure : but for me, whom you do not pity——” He stopped, and I saw tears in his eyes. Till this moment, I had been led from one new and interesting object to another so rapidly, that I had not had time to reflect on the change in my situation. My friends were all going to leave me, and I was not to return with them to their

their house, where I could see and speak to M. Sping every minute in the day, or see him from the windows walking in the garden. These considerations, which M. Sping's reproaches at that moment had brought to my mind, made me almost envy the poor slaves he had just shewn me, returning home with mirth and gaiety, accompanied by their wives and children. Every thing appeared changed in an instant—I no longer regarded the grandeur and riches which surrounded me, but as obstacles to my happiness. “ They have deceived us,” said I, after a short silence; “ but
“ do not accuse me of it; I did not
“ think of quitting so soon the house
“ in which you live: believe me, I shall
“ frequently regret leaving my first asylum;—were I my own mistress I
“ would never quit it, but would return
“ to it as the only place where I had
“ enjoyed true happiness.”—“ Why,” said M. Sping, “ have they obliged you
“ to leave so suddenly an asylum you
“ appear to regret, and which you have
“ made

“ made so pleasing to me? I cannot
“ support the idea of returning without
“ you. Pity me, my dear Madam; you at
“ least owe me that consolation! But
“ no, I can only receive this from my
“ Lord, and ought I to blame him?—
“ He is a father, and no longer remem-
“ bers when he was a lover—he does
“ not so much as think of the vexation he
“ gives me—he even applauds himself
“ for having deceived me, and appeared
“ much surprised not to find me dis-
“ posed to join in the laugh with him.
“ How cruel did I at that moment think
“ this tender father!—he even rallied
“ me with severity, on my sad and se-
“ rious countenance. I think I should
“ have hated him, had he not been the
“ father of my lovely Ninette.”

I smiled at this expression; but the company having joined us, I had not time to say more, than that I wished, before we separated for the evening, to have a few minutes conversation with him. We had no opportunity of being together the rest of the day or evening,
or

or of scarce speaking to each other, being every moment engaged by the number of visitors who came to congratulate my father on my account. What compliments did I receive ! Good Heavens ! if they speak truth, we shall never want friends. I have often made this observation on seeing such a farce played : I should have been a perfect dupe to it when I first came out of the Desert. This falsehood, which is called politeness, and is so customary, disgusts me much. I know not whether I shall ever be able to use myself to what is here called the *ton*, and good company ; but at all events, my true friends will make me amends for what constraint I must endure with pretended ones.

I am obliged to lay down my pen ; I am told my father waits breakfast for me. At my return I will inform my dear mamma of what passes at this little repast. I am going, for the first time, to join in this family party, for I know my brother always breakfasts with his father.

L E T-

L E T T E R X X I.

HERE I am returned, much better pleased than I was yesterday, when I came from the ball. Guess, my dear mamma, who I found with my Lord in the breakfast-parlour : but you can never imagine, you will scarce believe it when I tell you. The first person I saw was M. Sping; he came to meet me with an air of cheerfulness, and took my hand to present me to a stranger who was seated next to my father. After I had paid my respects to him, I went to my father, who embraced me, and had the goodness to ask me if I had slept well in my new bed? As I was not yet perfect in the art of dissimulation, I answered, blushing, that I had slept pretty well; at the same time I looked at M. Sping, as much as to say it was not true; this look of mine was observed by my brother, who confused me very much, by letting me know he had seen it, and to avoid more being said, I began making the tea. I wanted much to

know who this stranger could be, whose name I had not yet heard, nor had he opened his lips; I was going to make enquiry, when the first word he said made me think I heard the voice of my dear mamma of the Desert. I then fixed my eyes attentively on him, without answering him, though it was something polite he had said to me, thinking I saw some resemblance of your features: my mind was much agitated, which seemed greatly to interest the company, and they all looked at me and smiled, which ought to have given me some light in the matter; but I was too much convinced in my opinion that Batavia was at too great a distance from Achem, to think that M. Mansfield could in so short a time come here, as it was not above six or seven days since the gentleman had left M. Lizadie, who could inform him his daughter was alive. This wrong notion prevented me from knowing your worthy father, for in fact this stranger was no other than himself. The moment I heard him call you his daughter, I threw myself into his arms, and he pressed

pressed me to his bosom, saying, in a voice half stifled by his emotion, that he could easily imagine what a consolation I must have been to his unhappy daughter. "Ah," said I, "I am her child, I owe her more than life."—"Come, come," said my father, wiping his eyes, "it is your lovely daughter who has preserved the life of mine."—"But," said M. Sping, "it is this amiable young lady who will again restore her to her worthy father."—"When," said I, turning to M. Sping, "when shall I see this most virtuous of women in the arms of that father whose loss she has so long wept? I at least wish she did but know he was alive, and that he was now here;—were she once informed of that, she would soon come to Achem. Why do we not run to fetch her? Why defer a moment to acquaint her with such delightful intelligence? M. Sping," said I, "should you neglect taking this journey?"—"No, my dear child," said Lord Harture, "he has neglected

“ nothing.”—“ Then,” replied I, “ the
“ road to the Desert must now be prac-
“ ticable.”—“ Not absolutely so, at
“ least not to-day,” said M. Sping.
“ To-morrow then,” said I, hastily.
“ To-morrow,” he replied, “ I hope you
“ may be able to go with greater con-
“ venience than when you came hither.”
“ Yes, my dear sister,” said M. Harture,
“ we will go to-morrow to the Desert.
“ I have revealed the secret which you
“ was not to be told till the moment of
“ our departure.” I then looked seri-
ously at M. Sping, and was going to re-
proach him for concealing from me this
charming scheme, but his friend prevent-
ed me. Since their quarrel he had taken
every opportunity of convincing him of his
friendship; he now hastened to justify him,
and assured me it was not owing to M.
Sping that I was not informed of it, but
he was restrained by orders that I should
have respected as much as he did.

I then looked at my father, who told
me it was his doing; but I was so happy
at the thought of seeing you so soon,
that

that I thought of nothing else, and asked a thousand questions in order to be certain the journey would take effect. But I hear Madame London's voice—Adieu, my dear mamma; I will resume my pen when she is gone.

LETTER XXII.

I AM returned to write, my dear mamma, with my heart so full of pleasing and interesting things, both on yours and my own affairs, that I know not, in the hurry of spirits I am in, whether I shall be able to write clearly.

Though I know I shall see you before you will receive these letters, yet I shall go on with them, to continue both yours and my story; I should be sorry not to finish what you began, and besides, I should be very unwilling to renounce the pleasure I have so long enjoyed, of conversing with you alone, though only by letter; and I cannot help receiving great advantages from this intimate correspondence: it will always prevent me

from departing from those good principles which you taught me; therefore, though I am almost certain of seeing you to-morrow, and that it is now eleven at night, yet I must tell you, before I go to bed, what I have heard from Madame London since breakfast. You have by this time, my dear mamma, seen her worthy father, who is gone with M. Suple to acquaint you with the happy news of your father's being restored to life; by this time you have been told that M. Mansfield was only in a kind of trance when they thought him dead, and that they carried him, according to his last request, on board the vessel, that he might be buried at Batavia; but perhaps they may not have told you that the sailors would not take charge of him, and would have thrown him into the sea, had not your governess, the good Mastrique, who fortunately was on board, saved his life by desiring she might look at him for the last time.

In all probability the motion of the vessel had brought him back to life; for

as soon as Madame Mastrique was brought near him, to take her final leave of him, and express her concern for his death, he opened his eyes, to her great joy and astonishment, which may be easily believed by the manner in which she expressed herself. I have seen this good woman; have they told you she is here, and that she thinks the time very tedious till she sees you once more?—I am sure you are equally impatient to see her, and that she may depend on your gratitude. I have also seen the two servants of your father, whom M. d'Ermancour ordered to stay with his body till they reached Batavia, and see him buried there. They repeated the account of his recovery in a most affecting manner, expressing their joy and surprise, and saying they looked upon it as next to a miracle to have their master restored to them again.

These events appear so incredible, that I think you will scarce give credit to them, or be perfectly convinced of the truth, till you have actually seen once

more this good father, whose death you have so often regretted. By what I hear from your governess, you will find him very little altered: indeed he looks, and is, extremely well for a man of his age; and independent of that air of dignity and politeness which he possesses, his unfortunate adventure has given him so interesting an appearance, that even the most indifferent persons are struck with him.

I break off my letter to go and enquire who it is I hear on horseback, stop at the door; who can it be at this time of the night?—my heart beats, I tremble all over! I fly to see who it is.—I am disappointed in my hopes, I am quite grieved, my dear mamma—you are ill, but how could it be otherwise? How was it possible, with a heart endued with such sensibility as yours, that you could hear such an incredible piece of news as your father's being alive, without fainting, in spite of the precaution which M. Suple took to prepare you for it? For as both he and M. Sping said, it was
im-

impossible for them to make you hear of such an event with any degree of calmness.

When they arrived at the forest, they stopped before they reached the house, to concert in what manner they should prepare Madame d'Ermancour to hear the good news. As M. Suple was acquainted with the inhabitants of the Desert, they agreed that his visit would not appear an extraordinary thing: that he should tell them he came to know how they did, and to learn when they would be ready to set out for the city; as also that the road was fit for their travelling, and that their friends only waited their orders to come and fetch them. All this succeeded wonderfully, and M. Suple told my dear mamma how impatient her friends were to see her. "I am
 "equally impatient," replied that virtuous lady, casting down her eyes and blushing; "but, M. Suple," said she, pointing to her children, "I cannot appear in public till after an indispensable ceremony."—"That ceremony,"

“Madam,” said he, “shall be per-
“formed; all your friends wish to assist
“at it, and there is one amongst them
“you will be much astonished to see.”
“What!” said M. d’Ermancour, with
great emotion, “is it any one of our
“acquaintance?”—“It is a relation
“of your lady’s,” replied M. Suple.
“A relation of mine!” said she,
looking at her husband; “where is he?
“Have you brought him with you? Beg
“him to come in if he is here.”
“What is his name?” asked M. d’Er-
mancour. “I entreat you to tell me,”
said he, with great quickness, finding
M. Suple did not answer directly. “Is
“he called M. Theadon?”—“No, Sir,
“he bears the same name as your lady.”
“What! can it be my uncle?” said the
lady, still looking at her husband.—“He
“is not your uncle, Madam,” said
M. Suple; “he is still nearer related to
“you.”—“A relation,” replied she,
“still nearer than my father’s brother!
“They have deceived you, M. Su-
“ple; but where is this person, whose
“name

“ name it is so difficult to learn?”—“ He
 “ is at Achem, Madam; I will tell you
 “ his name if you will promise to hear,
 “ without too much emotion, the story
 “ I am going to have the honour of tell-
 “ ing you.”—“ And why, M. Suple,”
 said she, “ all this precaution? Is it bad
 “ news I am going to hear?”—“ No,
 “ Madam,” said he; “ on the contrary, it
 “ is the most agreeable you can hear.”—
 “ Well then,” replied she, “ do not any
 “ longer defer telling me; I promise to
 “ pay the greatest attention to what you
 “ tell me.”

“ You doubtless recollect,” said M.
 Suple, addressing himself to M. d’Er-
 mancour, “ the fatal moment when you
 “ thought you had for ever lost M.
 “ Mansfield; and that, as you were cer-
 “ tain of his death, you determined to
 “ take the opportunity which then offer-
 “ ed of a ship going to Batavia, to put
 “ his body on board this vessel, in order
 “ to his being buried at Batavia, as he
 “ had desired.”—“ Ah!” cried M.
 d’Ermancour, “ what a delightful hope

“ do you give me leave to encourage !
“ Is it possible,” said he, “ that he
“ should recover from the state in which
“ I saw him, to all appearance dead ? ” —
“ He is now alive, and in health,”
said M. Suple. — “ My father ! ”
cried his affectionate child ; “ what ! is
“ it possible I shall ever see him again ? ”
She then fainted away in the arms of
her husband, who thought of nothing
but restoring her to life. M. Suple re-
tired for a few minutes, till he saw she
began to recover, and to give her time
to compose her spirits. When he re-
turned he found her lying on the bed,
and her husband sitting by her, holding
one of her hands, which he bathed with
his tears. “ Come,” said this amiable
woman, seeing him approach, “ come
“ and confirm to me this happy event
“ which you have told me ; is it really
“ true that I shall again see my father ?
“ Have you seen him, M. Suple ? Are
“ you sure it is he ? Describe his per-
“ son to me, and tell me by what means
“ he escaped this death, which deceived
“ M.d’Er-

“ M. d’Ermancour, and every one that
 “ saw him at that time; tell me by
 “ what miracle Heaven has restored
 “ him to my prayers.”—“ It is indeed
 “ a miracle,” said the good priest, as
 he drew near the bed of the amiable in-
 valid. He then gave an account of this
 wonderful recovery, as I have related be-
 fore, except one circumstance which he
 forgot; this was, the name of the go-
 verness Mastrique, whom he only men-
 tioned as one of M. Mansfield’s servants,
 who was the first that discovered his
 shewing some signs of life. He also relat-
 ed another circumstance which gave great
 pleasure to M. d’Ermancour; and this
 was, the precautions which he had taken,
 and the methods he had used, in order to
 be certain M. Mansfield was really dead,
 before he would suffer him to be put on
 board the vessel. At the first word M. Su-
 ple said on this subject, M. d’Erman-
 cour, who till then had seemed absorbed
 in the ideas which naturally occurred on
 this affecting narrative, eagerly demand-
 ed if they had done him justice in this
 mat-

matter? "Do not doubt it, Sir," said M. Suple; "I myself heard your justification from the mouth of M. Mansfield, as well as his servants, who were witnesses of the attention you paid him before you left him; he indeed carries the marks about him. 'I have several scars about me,' said M. Mansfield one day, 'which plainly prove that M. d'Ermancour, or rather the surgeon to whose care he entrusted me, used every method to restore me to life, before they left me to the mercy of my people.'" This explanation gave joy to the heart of M. d'Ermancour and his charming wife. "You see," said she, with a graceful smile, "that no one except yourself thinks you culpable."—"Culpable!" said M. Suple; "in what, pray?" "For not having kept the body of my friend longer," said M. d'Ermancour. "I reproach myself with the dangers to which I exposed him, by putting him into the power of those cruel sailors, and am not able to hear without horror of their barbarous intentions.

"But

" But pray continue your recital," added he, turning to M. Suple, " and tell us in what manner we shall be received by this respectable father, whom I regard also as mine. Does he know that I am here with his daughter?" He stopped, and then went on in a low voice. " Has he been told of our children?"——" He had only heard of his daughter when I left Achem," said M. Suple. My dear friends then looked at each other, and my dear mamma wept, but tried to conceal her tears by turning her head aside. M. Suple took this opportunity to inform them, that he had left the elder M. Sping in the forest, where he waited till they permitted him to wait on them. " M. Sping!" said my good mamma, wiping her eyes. " What! the protector and father of my Ninette? Intreat him to come in, and partake of the happiness he has procured us."

When M. Suple went out, my good friends called their children, who were in the next room with Jerome; Jerome thought he heard of the unexpected re-
turn

turn of M. Mansfield, and was very impatient to know the truth. He entered with his hands joined together, entreating to have an explanation of this matter. "Can it be possible, Sir," said he, "that we shall again see M. Mansfield?" — "There is nothing more certain," said his master; "he is now with our friends at Achem." "I thank the divine Providence for it," said Jerome; "but I can never believe it till I see him." — "Well, my friend," said my dear mamma, "you shall see him soon, and my children will find another father; my wishes will then be all completed, when I see them in his arms. Embrace them, my dear," said she to M. d'Erman-cour, "and congratulate them on the happiness that awaits them; what a happy prospect is this which we look forward to!" In saying this, she leaned towards the side of the bed, that she might press her husband and children in her arms. "He will acknowledge them as his own," said she; "he will forgive us, I am sure;" seeing her husband drowned.

drowned in tears. At this moment M. Suple and M. Sping came in: they beheld the affecting group. M. d'Ermancour, seeing them coming, gently disengaged himself from the arms of his wife, and retired to the next room to recover himself and hide his tears. This kind of retreat made the two visitors hesitate, and they knew not whether to go back or come on; my dear mamma perceived it, and, by a motion of her hand, for she could not then speak, desired them to advance. She was at that time greatly affected by M. d'Ermancour's fears and sorrow, and even forgot her own troubles in those of her beloved husband, who only feared the reproaches and perhaps the anger of M. Mansfield on her account, not his own.

" Pardon me, gentlemen," said she,
 " if I want words to convince you of my
 " gratitude! It is you, M. Sping, who was
 " the preserver of my dear Ninette, and
 " are also the means of my finding my
 " father again. I can never sufficiently
 " acknowledge such kindness; yet I
 " must venture to ask another favour of
 " you;

“ you; it is, your intercession with my
“ father for my husband and me; ac-
“ quaint him, my good friend, with our
“ situation, before I appear in his sight;
“ above all, entreat him to pardon M.
“ d’Ermancour; all my fears are on his
“ account. I will endure his reproaches
“ without complaining, provided the
“ father of my children obtains his
“ forgiveness.”

M. Sping had not time to answer, as M. d’Ermancour returned. They advanced towards each other and embraced as friends; after which they retired to the other room, as M. d’Ermancour wished to converse with M. Sping upon many delicate points, which they could more freely talk upon when they were alone.

“ I will tell you plainly,” said M. Sping to the first question M. d’Ermancour asked him, “ all I know of M. Mansfield’s way of thinking in regard
“ to you.

“ He arrived at Achem with the most
“ ardent desire to see and embrace his
“ daughter, without having an idea that
“ you were with her. He is at the
“ house

“ house of Lord Harture, who is his
 “ countryman and fellow-collegian. I
 “ heard from my son, some hours be-
 “ fore I came from Achem, that M.
 “ Mansfield had heard the servants in
 “ the house, as well as his own, express-
 “ ing their surprise on finding the fa-
 “ mily in the Desert was encreased. He
 “ immediately ran to my Lord to clear
 “ up some suspicions to which this intel-
 “ ligence had given rise. My son
 “ was then with him, and they were con-
 “ sulting what method to take to ac-
 “ quaint him with this affair, when the
 “ question which he made them on com-
 “ ing into the room, drew them out of
 “ their embarrassment.

“ ‘ Explain to me,’ said he, ‘ what
 “ I have just now heard by chance, as
 “ I was going to my chamber. If I am
 “ to believe your servants and my own,
 “ I shall find in the Desert to-morrow
 “ both children and grand-children.’
 “ ‘ Well,’ said Lord Harture, ‘ and
 “ should it be so, would you be vexed at
 “ it?’—‘ No, not on my own account,’
 “ said

“ said he, ‘ but the world in general
“ would not take it in that light, and I
“ would not have my daughter have such
“ reproaches to make herself.’— ‘ She
“ has nothing to reproach herself with,’
“ said my Lord; ‘ do not judge too
“ harshly of your daughter; recollect
“ her situation and that of the gentle-
“ man to whom you had given her
“ hand; put yourself in their place,
“ and—’— ‘ I am not severe, my Lord,’
“ said he; ‘ but my daughter ought not
“ to have any thing to blush at on her
“ entering again into the world. I can-
“ not support the mortifying idea of shew-
“ ing her at Batavia surrounded by her
“ children in eight days after her mar-
“ riage.’— ‘ But in fact, what would you
“ do ?’ said Lord Harture. ‘ Would you
“ abandon these innocent creatures?
“ You will love them, I am sure, when
“ you see them.’— ‘ I would not see
“ them, if it were possible to avoid it,’
“ said he; ‘ but that I fear cannot be;
“ they must appear at the celebration
“ of their mother’s marriage; after that

“ is

“ is over we can send them to France,
 “ and in the course of some years their
 “ father, mother, and myself, may fol-
 “ low them. This is my scheme, my
 “ Lord.’ He then turned to my son,
 “ and desired him to acquaint me with
 “ his intentions, that I might inform
 “ you of them.”

“ I am very much concerned,” said
 M. d’Ermancour to M. Sping, “ that
 “ M. Mansfield should put such hard
 “ conditions to the happiness he pro-
 “ mised us. Why would he deprive us
 “ of the pleasure of keeping our chil-
 “ dren with us? Why will he wound the
 “ heart of his daughter, by demanding
 “ such a sacrifice of her? But let us
 “ go and hear what she will say upon the
 “ subject; it will be necessary she should
 “ know all, before she sees her father.”

Madame d’Ermancour had left her
 bed, and was gone out, and M. Suple,
 who was in the garden, told them he
 saw her lead her two children, and enter
 a walk to the right of the house, and
 that they walked very fast. “ I guess,”
 said

said M. d'Ermancour, " where she is ;
" we will go and find her."

They then pursued the same path, and came to the door of a little chapel, where they beheld a most interesting sight. Madame d'Ermancour was kneeling at the foot of the altar, with her children beside her ; these little creatures had their hands joined, and their eyes lifted up to their mother, patiently waiting for her to give them a signal when they might change their attitude. " My
" children," said she, rising up, " repeat the prayer you addressed to the
" Almighty on your entrance here." They instantly raised their little hands to Heaven, and repeated aloud the following prayer:

" Almighty God, deign to accept the
" weak praises and thankful acknowledgments of our grateful hearts, for
" the new favour which thou hast bestowed on us ; protect us, and dispose
" the heart of our grand-father to be
" favourable to us ; permit us through
" your goodness to affect his heart in
" such

“ such a manner that we may obtain from
“ him the pardon of our dear parents.”

“ Now,” said M. d’Ermancour, leading his friends to a little distance, that his wife might not perceive they had been overheard, “ do you believe that
“ this fond mother can ever consent to
“ be separated from her children ?”—“ I
“ do not, indeed,” said M. Sping ; “ and
“ I hope it will never be proposed to
“ her ; let M. Mansfield come, he will
“ not long be able to resist the tender
“ impressions of nature.”—“ I have no
“ doubt,” said M. Suple, “ of the
“ power these lovely children will have
“ over the mind of M. Mansfield. It
“ will be unnecessary to acquaint his
“ daughter with a scheme proposed in
“ haste, and in the first moment of his
“ surprise.”

Here they were interrupted by the noise of a postillion’s whip, and at the same time perceived two gentlemen riding full speed. M. Suple went towards them, and made them a sign to stop.

The

The gentlemen were, Captain de Lizadie, and the younger M. Sping: they alighted from their horses, and waited till M. Suple came to them. M. d'Ermancour had not yet been informed of the arrival of his brother-in-law at Achem; he had only been told it was a captain of a ship, by whose means they had learned M. Mansfield was still alive, but had not told his name, as they waited till their friends were a little more composed. M. Sping and M. Suple were much astonished to see Captain de Lizadie and the younger M. Sping arrive, as it had been determined they should stay at Achem till their return. What had made them alter their intentions on this subject was this:—They had said nothing to me of M. Sping and Suple's journey, nor the severe conditions with which they were to acquaint my friends with regard to their children. But the good Madame Mafrique had learned something of it from M. Mansfield in the first impulse of his anger.

She

She came to me with a sorrowful countenance, to tell me this rash resolution of her master's; she told me by what chance she had discovered what was intended to be kept secret till the marriage of my friends.

“ I was astonished,” said she, “ to
 “ see M. Mansfield so enraged; he
 “ would hear nothing in his daughter’s
 “ vindication, and I have now left him
 “ striding along his chamber, and rav-
 “ ing to himself. ‘ How did they find
 “ each other again,’ said he; ‘ and why
 “ has it been kept a secret from me till
 “ now? It is my disgrace which they
 “ wanted to hide from me to the last
 “ moment.—Ah, my Lord,’ said he,
 “ ‘ you have pitied me so often for hav-
 “ ing lost my daughter; you have
 “ congratulated me so much on having
 “ found her again; you have made me
 “ promise with so much eagerness to give
 “ you her hand if you could be so happy
 “ to gain her heart; you will never more
 “ try to gain it when you see her sur-
 “ rounded by children she cannot ac-
 VOL. III. I “ know-

“ knowledge without blushing.’ — He
“ then stopped a moment. ‘ But can it
“ be possible,’ said he, ‘ that Zelja, this
“ child so virtuous! — Yes, it is but too
“ true — I should still doubt it, had
“ not Lord Harture himself told me so.’
“ This, my dear Madam,” said Mastrique,
“ is the situation of my master. I am
“ quite in despair for my poor mistress;
“ I know her disposition, and that she
“ cannot support the anger of her father
“ any more than to be separated from
“ her children; it will be the death of
“ her —! “ Good God!” said she, “ how
“ is the face of things altered in a
“ moment! We have been all made so
“ happy! — But forgive me, dear Ma-
“ dam,” said she, “ if I have made you
“ uneasy, though I cannot repent my
“ having acquainted you with the misfor-
“ tune that threatens your friend. Per-
“ haps you may find out some method to
“ soften her father.”

I was so much affected with this cruel
misfortune, that I was some time unable
to answer the good woman, and assure
her

her how sensible I was of her confidence in me, and her attachment to her mistress ; but as soon as I recovered enough to do it, I determined upon going afterwards to find my friend's father, and to implore his clemency and kindness for his daughter, with whose virtues he was unacquainted

“ And how should he have known
 “ them ?” said I ; “ he saw her but for a
 “ very short time, therefore could not,
 “ like me, judge of the purity of her mind.
 “ What ! this dear woman, with senti-
 “ ments so virtuous as her's are—would
 “ she blush to appear before her family !
 “ I blush myself at the reception they
 “ prepare for her. Come, my good
 “ friend,” said I to Madame Mastrique, “ conduct me to this angry
 “ father, let him see me at his feet, and
 “ let me make him sensible of his in-
 “ justice and the cruelty of his inten-
 “ tions.”

I was going to him, when my father entered my chamber to acquaint me with what had passed between him and M. Mansfield on the subject already men-
 I 2 tioned.

tioned. "I know it all," said I, on his beginning to speak; "and who can depend on the esteem of mankind, if the most respectable of women cannot obtain it? What! does M. Mansfield scruple to let his daughter appear in the world? He will only see and acknowledge her on the most humiliating conditions. Alas! I have suffered but too much from the same prejudice which is now going to make my friend wretched. But for you, my dear father, it would have plunged me into the lowest situation. I cannot see, without trembling, the children of my dear mamma threatened with the same fate which I had experienced."

My Lord, who is the best and tenderest of parents, heard me patiently, and I implored his assistance for my dear friend and her children: "Do you recollect, my dear Sir," said I, "the miserable situation from which you delivered me? let that remembrance animate you to exert yourself in behalf of my friends;

“ friends ; let them find in you more in-
 “ dulgence than they have hitherto met
 “ with in the heart of their father ; be
 “ you their support and defender against
 “ the injustice with which they are
 “ going to be treated.” — “ My dear
 “ child,” said my father, “ I am not
 “ surpris’d at the impression which M.
 “ Mansfield’s behaviour to his children
 “ has made upon you ; you must think him
 “ very cruel in wishing to abandon them,
 “ after having express’d so much affection
 “ for his daughter, and been so earnest to
 “ find her once more alive. But, my dear
 “ child, I, who have so long known
 “ mankind and all the prejudices they
 “ are subject to, have foreseen this ac-
 “ cident, which I had hoped to avoid
 “ by not mentioning to M. Mansfield
 “ any thing relating to his grand-
 “ children, till the moment when the
 “ marriage was celebrated between their
 “ father and mother. I imagined that
 “ by not suffering them to appear till
 “ the time arriv’d that it was necessary
 “ they should claim their rights, M.

“ Mansfield would have been affected
“ by these little innocents’ presence, and
“ that by theirs and their parents sub-
“ mission and entreaties on their knees
“ for forgiveness, he would have taken
“ them all in his arms, and been too
“ much affected by the sight to have re-
“ fused acknowledging them as his
“ children. I even thought he would
“ wish never to be separated from them.
“ This was my design, which the in-
“ discretion of my servants has pre-
“ vented. However, I do not despair
“ of seeing my friend get the better of
“ his prejudice, and abandon a project
“ which he formed in the moment of
“ passion. Let us give him time to
“ recover himself, and to see whether he
“ has not tenderness sufficient to get the
“ better of his intentions, when he sees
“ his daughter with the man she loves,
“ and whom he himself destined to be
“ her husband. A grand point gained
“ is, in my opinion, this, that he him-
“ self persists in having them united,
“ and consequently will legitimate their
“ children.

“ children. At present we must not press
 “ him farther. In consequence of this,
 “ I have consented to M. Suple, and
 “ M. Sping’s going to the Desert, to in-
 “ form our friends of their father’s re-
 “ turn, and his intentions towards
 “ them.”

“ This,” said I, “ is what makes
 “ me so unhappy for my poor friend.
 “ I know her so well that she will never
 “ consent to this cruel condition; she
 “ thinks herself as much married to M.
 “ d’Ermancour, as if the ceremony had
 “ actually passed according to the sa-
 “ cred rites of the church. If M.
 “ Mansfield did but know the purity of
 “ his daughter’s notions, when their
 “ marriage was celebrated in the pre-
 “ sence of God; if he had seen, as I
 “ did, the devotion with which this
 “ virtuous woman pronounced the sa-
 “ cred words which were to attach her
 “ in so intimate a connexion with her
 “ worthy husband; he would never
 “ have confounded so sacred an union
 “ with those that are only formed upon

“vicious principles.”—“All this you
“say,” replied my father, “is per-
“fectly right, and proves the virtuous
“sentiments of your friend, which M.
“Mansfield will acknowledge when he
“learns his daughter’s history; at pre-
“sent, he thinks only of the disagree-
“able circumstance of her appearing
“in public, after a conduct which he
“thinks disgraceful both to himself and
“her.”

“Well,” said I, with some degree of
spite, “let them leave her in the De-
“sert; I would much rather remain
“there, were I in her place.”—“That
“cannot be done now,” said my father,
“since she must have her marriage cele-
“brated again, in order to give her
“children some rank. Her friends
“would greatly blame her if she re-
“nounced all these advantages through
“a false delicacy. You must not
“suppose, my dear child, that her situ-
“ation in the Desert would exempt
“her from public censure; on the con-
“trary, it might be thought an aggrava-
“tion

“ tion of her fault. Therefore it will
 “ be necessary when you see her, that you
 “ join with the rest of her friends in
 “ persuading her to yield to circum-
 “ stances, and conform to her father’s
 “ will. I am acquainted,” said he,
 “ with M. Mansfield’s affairs as well as
 “ his intentions, and I know that his
 “ business requires him to stay some
 “ years at Batavia, after which he means
 “ to go and settle at Paris and end his
 “ days there. This plan he had fixed on
 “ before he found his daughter. Some dis-
 “ agreeable circumstances he met with in
 “ England make him dislike returning to
 “ it; and this scheme of settling in France
 “ must be very pleasing to M. d’Erman-
 “ cour, who will doubtless be rejoiced to
 “ live amongst his relations, or at least to
 “ see them frequently.”

“ Now you mention his relations,”
 said I, “ does he know his brother-in-
 “ law is here?”—“ No,” replied my
 father, “ there has been no opportunity
 “ to let him know it. The road which
 “ leads to your friends has only been
 “ passable within these few days, and

“ since then we have had so many extraordinary events to inform them of, that M. de Lizadie has been quite forgot.”

I was rather more easy after this explanation; but was not the more convinced my fears were groundless, by the reception I found M. Mansfield was preparing for his daughter, and the proposals her friends were going to make him on her part. Why, thought I, could I not go myself to acquaint her with it, as the road to the Desert is now made so good? I did not, however, communicate this idea to my father, till after I had questioned him concerning the situation of the mountain, and the opening in the cavern which I came through; I wanted to know if we might pass through in a carriage; and when I found there was no difficulty remaining, I ventured to propose my scheme, which I entreated he would permit me to put in execution.

“ This is the very thing I wish to avoid,” said my father, as soon as I had

had expressed my wish to set out immediately. "Why, my dear Sir," said I, "do you seem displeased with my request? Are you not at liberty to refuse me if you have any objections? Can you doubt of my submission?" "My child," said he, "you do not understand me. I have not the smallest doubt of your obedience, I know you will readily submit to my opinion, but you are not the less disappointed. This is what I wished to spare you, and therefore concealed our intentions; I foresaw your eagerness to go to the Desert, as soon as you knew the road was practicable; I easily guessed also, had you been informed of M. Suple and M. Sping's journey thither, you would have wished to accompany them. All this is very natural, but does not suit with the present situation of affairs. It would not have been right for you to have returned to the Desert without your father accompanying you. I ought to have presented you to your friends as

“ my daughter, and I should have done
“ it with great pleasure. For these rea-
“ sons I determined not to acquaint you
“ with our scheme ; but if you persist in
“ wishing to go, I will accompany you
“ directly, though I must freely tell you
“ I cannot give up my first arrange-
“ ments without great reluctance.”

I then saw clearly that my good father kept to his former opinion, in order to have time for preparing an entertainment which he had been employed about for several days past : and that this was his real reason, will be seen by what follows :

I did not discover that I had penetrated into his design ; but I gave up, not only my scheme of visiting my dear friends in the Desert, but also that of talking to M. Mansfield in favour of his daughter. I found by my father, that the journey to the Desert, and the interview between Madame d'Ermancour and her father, was put off for two or three days ; which made me think of another scheme, for which this delay seemed a sufficient time.

I com-

I communicated it to my Lord, and desired his assistance. "With all my heart," said he; "what is it my child would have? Be certain beforehand, that it will give me the greatest pleasure if I can any way make you amends for the opposition I have given to your wishes."—"Your goodness, my dear Sir," said I, "inspires my heart with gratitude. You have been told that my good mamma of the Desert has written her history. I would wish to have all those papers, to communicate them to M. Mansfield; he can only learn how to put a proper value on her merits and virtues, by reading them. He will there see the honourable and respectful conduct of M. d'Ermancour towards his wife; he will see with how much piety and decency their marriage was celebrated. It is necessary M. Mansfield should know all these particulars, not only for his own satisfaction, but for his children's justification. The difficulty will be, how to obtain this modest and delicate

“ delicate woman’s consent to give us up
“ these papers, and allow us to shew
“ them to her father. Should she refuse
“ to send them, what reasons could we
“ urge to prove the necessity of having
“ them before she sees M. Mansfield.
“ Would not she be hurt and mortified if
“ she suspected the real cause of our re-
“ quest? Who could we charge with
“ a commission of so delicate a na-
“ ture? This, my dear Sir, is what I
“ have been thinking of. If you ap-
“ prove it, let us lose no time. I
“ am much hurt by M. Mansfield’s in-
“ justice to his daughter, and cannot
“ help feeling the pain she will endure
“ when she hears of his cruel inten-
“ tions.”

My father listened very attentively to what I said; he considered a moment, applauded my scheme, and desired me to make myself easy. “ I see plainly,” said he, “ if we can procure those pa-
“ pers from your friend, we may hope
“ for very happy effects.”

He

He then went to Madame Sping and her son, to inform them of our plan, and a few hours after they returned with him to our house. "I am come, my dear," said Madame Sping, "to felicitate you on your scheme, and to offer you my services." My Lord came to me without waiting for my answer, and told me they would come to no determination without consulting me. Then M. Sping, with an air of gallantry, asked me if I had confidence enough in him, to employ him on this errand? I looked at my father as if to know what answer I must give.

"I shall not act contrary to my Lord's opinion," said I, gently withdrawing my hand from M. Sping; "if he has chosen you for the embassy we have meditated, I shall not oppose it; but I hope he will permit me to make some observations on it. It appears to me, that it would be much more suitable if Madame Sping would be so kind to take this commission on herself."—"Most willingly," said Madame

Madame Sping; "I shall then have the
" pleasure of seeing your amiable
" friends."—"This," said my father,
" is what we had determined upon; Ma-
" dame Sping only waits while you
" write a letter, to make the proposi-
" tion we have agreed on. As to M.
" Sping, he has no other view in the
" journey, but to attend on his mother."
"I cannot have a better motive," said
M. Sping; "but I shall be equally
" pleased to have an opportunity of
" presenting M. de Lizadie to his brother-
" in-law, M. d'Ermancour."—"You
" will all be very happy," said I, sighing,
" and I envy you the pleasure you will
" enjoy among my friends. Captain de
" Lizadie has for a long time wished to
" make a visit to his friends in the Desert,
" and the good Madame Mastrique,"
added I, "is every minute teasing me
" to get leave of M. Mansfield for her
" to go and see her dear mistress; Will
" it be improper for me," said I to
Madame Sping, "to request you to let
" her accompany you?"—"I am de-
" lighted,"

“lighted,” replied Madame Sping,
“that I have anticipated your wish. I
“met this good governess as I came to
“your apartment; she waited my com-
“ing to intreat she might go with us:
“I not only consented, but offered her
“a place in my carriage, which she ac-
“cepted with great gratitude, and I
“could not possibly have done her a
“greater favour, except that of pre-
“senting her to her beloved mistress.
“She ran directly to M. Mansfield to tell
“him this good news, and to ask what
“commands he had for her to deliver to
“his daughter.”—“Commands!” said
I; “alas! what will he say to her? She
“must not go before I see her; it is of
“the utmost consequence to prevent
“our friends from hearing any thing
“which may give them pain.”—“We
“will take care of that,” said M. Sping,
“make yourself perfectly easy, my dear
“Madam, and remember you have a
“letter to write. When my mother is
“with you she thinks of nothing but
“staying with you as long as possible,
“and

“and she forgets she has still something
“to do preparative to her journey.”
Madame Sping told me as she went
away, that as soon as she returned
she would bring me news from the
Desert. I did not foresee that I should
be left alone with M. Sping, though
my father went out before his mother
left us: I went out with her as far as
I could, but I was confused when I
found him at my return. I luckily heard
my brother’s voice, as I passed by the
women’s apartment. “What are you
“doing there?” said I. One of them re-
plied, “Madam, he is plaguing us.”
“Let them alone,” said he; “they like
“to be plagued a little.”—“But,” said
I, “if they like it, I do not, and shall
“be very angry.”—“Come, come, my
“dear sister,” said he, as he entered
the room, “do not be so childish.” He
then lifted me up, and carried me
into M. Sping’s arms. “Here, my
“friend,” said he, “take her and cor-
“rect her a little for being such a
“child.” Instead of scolding at him
for

for his folly, I thought of nothing but running after him and calling him back. M. Sping followed me, and after having told me, with some degree of peevishness, that I was very unkind in depriving him of a happiness which chance had procured him, he gave me a paper, which I made haste to put into my pocket, and then rejoined my brother, whom I desired to stay with M. Sping. I went to my room and read the letter I had just received, before I thought of that which I had to write to my dear friend.

Letter from M. Sping, to Mademoiselle
HARTURE.

“ Are you, my dear Madam; equally
 “ sensible with me, of the disagreeable
 “ circumstance of our not living toge-
 “ ther in the same house? I can no
 “ longer endure to live at my father’s
 “ since you left us; every thing calls to
 “ my mind those pleasures which I fear
 “ I have lost for ever, on account of
 “ the

“ the grandeur and magnificence by
“ which you are surrounded. I search
“ every where for the faithful and love-
“ ly Ninette. What pleasure did it af-
“ ford me to meet you sometimes in the
“ garden, or see you through the win-
“ dows of your apartment! The idea
“ that you was near me, that I could
“ hear your voice, and that I should see
“ you in the morning at breakfast, made
“ me happy. By losing you, my dear
“ Ninette, I have lost every thing that
“ delighted me; the daughter of Lord
“ Harture will never perhaps bestow
“ herself on me! But what have I said?
“ Pardon me, my dear Madam, and do
“ not suspect me of fearing any change
“ in your heart respecting me; I only
“ fear that continual restraint which is
“ inseparable from your new situation.
“ I have never been permitted to see
“ you a moment without company, since
“ our separation; this it is which so
“ much distresses me; I see the mo-
“ ments pass by without being nearer
“ the accomplishment of my wishes, and
“ what

“ what is still worse, I neither dare nor
 “ ought to complain of it. Oh, that I
 “ might express my sentiments! Keep
 “ your honours and your riches, would I
 “ say, and only bestow on me the dear
 “ creature who can alone makeme happy.
 “ But the husband of Lord Harture’s
 “ daughter must be distinguished; he
 “ must have a name and estate, who
 “ aspires to her hand: in consequence of
 “ this, both your father and mine are
 “ labouring to procure me a title, that
 “ the daughter of Lord Harture may not
 “ be ashamed to call me her husband.
 “ Have they, my dear Madam, ac-
 “ quainted you with these circumstances,
 “ which till now they have concealed
 “ from me? Have they told you I shall
 “ be obliged to travel to France, to ob-
 “ tain from the king this title so ne-
 “ cessary to our marriage? If they
 “ have informed you of these cruel
 “ conditions, do not tell me you
 “ consented to them without reluc-
 “ tance; for pity sake do not suffer me
 “ to

“ to believe you can with indiffe-
“ rence see me depart. Remove my
“ fears, my dear Madam, by writing
“ me a billet with your own hand ; and
“ if what I have now told you is a secret
“ to you, pray appear to be still ignorant
“ of it. Adieu, loveliest of women ; I
“ will cheerfully submit to all they re-
“ quire of me, if you assure me it will
“ be the means of preserving your affec-
“ tions, and becoming your husband ;
“ but I shall always regret my adored
“ Ninette.”

These reproaches and regrets, as well as our separation, of which I had not the smallest idea, made my tears flow, and I cried out in the first transport of anger : “ Oh, my Lord, why do you force me to regret my former situation ? ” But I soon banished this unjust idea for others very different. I saw nothing in my father’s conduct but what arose from the tenderness of a parent who consulted his children’s happiness ; and if this re-
flection

flection did not entirely make my mind
 easy, it served at least to compose it
 enough to write the letter I had pro-
 mised to send by Madame Sping. When
 I returned to the saloon, I found she
 had sent to inform her son she only wait-
 ed for his coming. Notwithstanding I
 had taken every precaution to prevent
 them from seeing I had been weeping,
 my brother did not fail to observe it, and
 to tell me of it: I however forgave him
 when I found he was ignorant of the
 motive which had occasioned my tears,
 as he only attributed them to the con-
 cern I was under on my dear mamma's
 account, which he had been informed of
 by M. Mansfield himself. "I was just
 "come from him," said he, "when you
 "found me in your women's chamber;
 "I found with him a young gentleman
 "who was a stranger to me, but seem-
 "ed intimately connected with him."
 I then recollected the English gentleman
 Madame Mastrique had spoken of, and
 did not doubt but it was the same per-
 son M. Mansfield had intended should
 marry

marry his daughter. His arrival here appeared a new obstacle to our friends happiness; I desired M. Sping would inform them of it. "And I hope," said I, "this will be a still stronger inducement to my dear mamma, to give us the history of her life;" which I had entreated her most earnestly to do. I then gave him my letter to her, and a billet for himself; my brother, notwithstanding his usual penetration, did not perceive the billet. They all departed, and I was left alone, to employ myself in the melancholy amusement of reading over again and commenting on M. Sping's letter. I saw nothing but uneasiness both present and future. This fatal separation was continually in my mind; the bare idea of it was insupportable to me; I seemed on the brink of losing, perhaps for ever, this tender lover, whose presence was necessary to my happiness, and even to my life. "How," said I, "could this kind and affectionate father plan such a scheme without fearing to endanger my life? He who appears so
" anxious

“ anxious to procure me every thing he
“ thinks would be agreeable to me—
“ Does he then imagine that the glory
“ my lover may acquire in a foreign
“ country will console me for his ab-
“ sence ; or that it can make me amends
“ for the dangers to which I shall al-
“ ways believe him exposed, when at
“ such a distance from me?—Why does
“ ambition, to which I am an utter
“ stranger, make men so different from
“ what they ought to be?—Why do I
“ hear every body declare they wish for
“ nothing but to spend their lives in
“ peace and tranquillity, when at the
“ same time they are continually in
“ search of that which is most opposite
“ to it !” These were my thoughts when
Mademoiselle Sping was announced to
me—this lovely girl, whom I shall al-
ways call Sophia, though she lost that
name on the marriage of her sister.

“ I am come, my dear Madam,” said
she, “ to inform you our travellers are
“ set out for the Desert, and to bring
“ you a letter from my brother, which

“ he desired me to deliver immediately
“ into your own hands; be so good as
“ to read it while I speak to my go-
“ verness, whom I left in the ante-
“ chamber. I shall take the liberty to
“ send her home, in the hope you will
“ permit me to dine with you.” She
then went out, and I read as follows:

“ I cannot, my lovely friend, set out
“ on my journey without asking you a
“ thousand pardons for the uneasiness I
“ have given you.—Have I, alas! been
“ the cause of your grief, and your shed-
“ ding tears? Destroy that fatal letter
“ which I wrote in a moment of sorrow
“ and distraction; do not believe a word
“ I said in it.—No, I will not go into a
“ distant country to seek an ideal glory,
“ which you so well know is not worth
“ the acquiring; I shall be able to resist
“ the ambitious views of my parents,
“ and will conform myself entirely to
“ the will of her who is absolute mis-
“ tress of my fate. It is the possession
“ of your heart, my beloved friend,
“ which

“ which can alone make me happy, and
“ the gift of your hand which can sa-
“ tisfy my ambition ; I have no other.
“ Let us leave our parents to form their
“ schemes as they like, till the moment
“ arrives when we shall be obliged to
“ acquaint them with our true senti-
“ ments : we will then depend on their
“ affection and indulgence, and I hope
“ we shall not find it contrary to our
“ wishes. I am going to the Desert
“ with these pleasing ideas, which arose
“ to me on reading your charming bil-
“ let ; I shall read it over and over on
“ my road ; I shall stop in every place
“ where my dear Ninette rested with her
“ faithful dove. I shall be delighted to
“ see the place where she was born, and
“ to pay my respects to the good lady
“ who took care of your infancy. My
“ mother knows of my writing to you ;
“ she begs you will permit Sophia to
“ spend the day with you.”

I had just finished reading this billet
when Sophia returned ; I embraced her

“ he desired me to deliver immediately
“ into your own hands; be so good as
“ to read it while I speak to my go-
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“ arrives when we shall be obliged to
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“ we shall not find it contrary to our
“ wishes. I am going to the Desert
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“ where my dear Ninette rested with her
“ faithful dove. I shall be delighted to
“ see the place where she was born, and
“ to pay my respects to the good lady
“ who took care of your infancy. My
“ mother knows of my writing to you ;
“ she begs you will permit Sophia to
“ spend the day with you.”

I had just finished reading this billet
when Sophia returned ; I embraced her

with great gaiety, and told her she must stay with me till her mamma returned. My father arrived soon after, and was much pleased to find Sophia with me. "I am come," said he, "to tell you that a relation of your friend's is coming to dine with us; he is the young gentleman of whom your brother and Madame Mafrique were speaking, and is first cousin to Madame d'Ermancour. His father having heard of the unfortunate shipwreck of M. Mansfield his eldest brother, and the loss of Mademoiselle Zelia, has sent him to his uncle to cultivate his friendship, and endeavour to deserve being made heir to his fortune, which is very considerable." M. Mansfield has a great affection for him, but the young man has no reason to rejoice at his cousin's return, and still less at her marriage with M. d'Ermancour. He appears however very impatient to see her, and much disposed to join us in endeavouring to hasten the meeting between the father and daughter." I expressed my surprise

prise that M. Mansfield did not introduce his nephew to my brother, who found them together. "It was perhaps
 " for the same reason," said my father,
 " which he gave me, when I complain-
 " ed that he had not made me acquaint-
 " ed with him. He told me he had
 " left him at Achem, at the house of a
 " friend, because he wished to mention
 " him to his daughter, before he pre-
 " sented a cousin to her whom she had
 " never seen. ' Besides,' said he, ' I
 " then had a scheme in my head, which
 " now is at an end. If I had found my
 " daughter disengaged, I should have
 " married her to my nephew in order to
 " unite the interest of my family, and it
 " was with this view that I came here with
 " him. I will endeavour to make him
 " amends for the flattering hopes I had
 " given him; but I am not less mortifi-
 " ed at the disappointment I have met
 " with on this account, which deranges
 " all my designs. I could still make
 " myself easy, if I could without dis-

“ grace marry my daughter to the man
“ she has chosen; but these children are
“ such convincing proofs of a faulty
“ conduct, that I am astonished she can
“ think of appearing again in the
“ world.’ What! my friend,” said I
to him, “ would you wish to have her
“ persuaded to remain unknown in the
“ Desert with her children?— ‘ Her
“ children!’ said he, with the most cut-
“ ting indifference, ‘ I have not yet con-
“ sidered what to do with them; at all
“ events I will not see them but at the
“ altar with their father and mother;’ and
“ then he turned the subject of his con-
“ versation.”—“ What cruelty is this!”
said I to my father; “ how little does
“ he know his daughter, so deserving
“ as she is of all his tenderness—has he
“ then forgot that before their misfor-
“ tune he had promised her hand, and
“ united her destiny to the father of
“ those children he now despises?”—
“ All this is very true,” said my father;
“ but, my dear child, you must accus-
“ tom

“ tom yourself to see the inconsistency of
 “ mankind, as well as their prejudices
 “ and caprices, without being astonish-
 “ ed at them; and besides, when we live
 “ in large societies, we must learn to con-
 “ form to the established laws and cus-
 “ toms: duty and honour require it, and
 “ those who depart from this principle
 “ cannot fail of exposing themselves to
 “ public censure, whatever merit they
 “ may have besides. Men are most
 “ commonly judged by appearances, and
 “ people who are indifferent to you
 “ will not seek to justify themselves in
 “ your eyes, because you think they
 “ have formed a wrong interpretation of
 “ your actions; on the contrary, we are
 “ naturally led to censure all those who
 “ give room for criticism.

“ It is not, my dear child, that I
 “ would condemn your friends’ conduct;
 “ you know my opinion of it: they nei-
 “ ther failed in the laws or customs of
 “ society, because they had no hope of
 “ ever returning to it; neither have
 “ they failed in duty to their parents,
 “ whom

“ whom they thought dead before them ;
“ and besides, as their marriage will be
“ performed again with all the proper
“ ceremonies, it will legitimate their
“ children, which is the only essential
“ thing we have to think on ; the rest
“ must be left to time. It is very na-
“ tural that M. Mansfield should be
“ displeased with his daughter’s conduct,
“ which has deranged all his schemes.
“ The certainty he had of her death
“ has made him for a long time past at-
“ tach himself to his nephew, whom he
“ looked upon as his heir.
“ When he was made acquainted, at
“ the end of seventeen or eighteen years,
“ that his daughter was still alive, he
“ was only sensible to the pleasure of
“ seeing her again ; he expected to find
“ her free, and at liberty to comply
“ with the proposals he had to make to
“ her : with this view he set out from
“ Batavia, and came hither without once
“ thinking whether M. d’Ermancour was
“ still alive.”

I lif-

I listened with pleasure to my dear father, but we were told dinner was ready. This repast was more noisy than agreeable to me; besides M. Mansfield and his nephew, there were several officers of the navy of my brother's acquaintance, but none of them were so disagreeable to me as the young M. Mansfield, who made me such extravagant compliments on my person, as well as my mind, which it was impossible he should know any thing of, that I did not say three words; it seemed as if he did it for no other purpose than to make me admire his politeness. I even heard him reproach the other gentlemen, who were evidently talking of me, for that what they said of the charms of my person was nothing, compared to the mental beauties he found in me. He said I was divine, adorable, and a thousand other ill-placed compliments he paid me, which I only repeat in order to describe the man who was destined for my friend. As soon as the dessert was served, I rose to retire, with Sophia, to my own apartment, after having asked leave

of my father, who told me and my young companion, that he would take an airing with us in the evening, towards the side of the Red Mountain. Sophia informed me of the alterations, which had been made there, in order to improve the road to the Desert, and the addition of several rooms which had been made to the pavilion, which was much embellished. I had not heard of it, and was much surprised: “ what can they be going to do with this pavilion ?” said I ; “ Why does my father want to carry me thither without acquainting me of it ?” “ He wishes, I suppose, to surprise me agreeably by some entertainment which he intends shall be given to my good friends on their interview with their father ; but why does he wish to shew me the preparations for it to-day ?” I said nothing however to Sophia, I would not even ask her a question on the subject, for fear of distressing her if she was in the secret, or bringing her into difficulty, by making her say more than she wished ; and as I saw nothing in

in all this which could give either me or my friends any uneasiness, I waited patiently till they chose to inform me.

We set out for our airing, my father, Sophia, and I, in the same carriage; I was delighted with the idea of seeing again those places which I had not visited since I left M. Sping's house: and a hope that we might meet the travellers from the Desert put me in the highest spirits, and made me embrace my father, and thank him for the pleasure he had given me in anticipating my wishes, by proposing this airing. "I have no doubt, my child, of the pleasure you are going to enjoy, and if I am not disappointed, you will be still more happy than you imagine." As he said this, I perceived M. Sping the elder, and M. Suple, riding very fast. The carriage stopped when they came up to us. "Good news!" said they, as soon as they saw us; at the same time M. Suple gave me a sealed packet. I was a long time before I could break it open, so much did I tremble, and was flurried; at length I

discovered the papers which contained my dear mamma's history, together with a letter for me.

This amiable woman begged me to make whatever use of it I thought proper, and if it was absolutely necessary her father should see it, entreated me to deliver it into his own hand. After having read aloud this part of her letter, I looked at my father. "We must return home immediately," said he, and gave his orders accordingly.

When we got back to Achem, he went into M. Mansfield's apartment, where he found him with his nephew and my brother; he told him I had something to communicate to him in private, and then came to conduct me to a little room, where M. Mansfield waited for me. As soon as I entered I threw myself at his feet, holding in one hand my friend's letter, and in the other the papers she had confided to my care. "I am come, Sir," said I, "to implore your compassion and your pardon for your virtuous daughter; appearances only

“ only are against her.”—“ What is it
 “ you say, my dear Madam?” said he, rais-
 ing me up with great precipitation. “ Is
 “ it you who would expiate the faults
 “ of the guilty, when they do not deign
 “ to ask it for themselves?”——“ Oh!
 “ Sir,” cried I, interrupting him, “ you
 “ will soon see them at your feet, if
 “ they dare to present themselves before
 “ you; but hear what your daughter
 “ says,” added I, beginning to read to
 him some parts of her letter, which he
 did not seem to attend to; “ hear her,”
 said I, “ I entreat you.” I sat down by
 him, and read as follows :

Letter from Madame d'ERMANCOUR to
 Mademoiselle HARTURE.

“ I have followed your advice, and
 “ that of our friends: I shall wait for
 “ my father's permission to throw my-
 “ self at his feet, to implore his tender-
 “ ness for me, and his kindness to M.
 “ d'Ermancour and my children. Alas!
 “ why am I no longer that beloved
 “ daugh-

“ daughter whom he has so often with
“ pleasure pressed to his bosom? Why
“ may I not press him to mine, after
“ having so long regretted his loss?—
“ But he still lives, and this happy event
“ dries up my tears. I see him among
“ my friends, happy and contented; I
“ enjoy the idea, and I frequently say,
“ by way of alleviating my sad fate, My
“ dear father is still alive! Adieu, pity
“ and love your unhappy friend.”

M. Mansfield, notwithstanding his resentment, could not hear this letter without being moved; he took out his handkerchief to wipe away his tears, and I took advantage of this appearance of tenderness, to ask him if he would take the trouble to read the history of his unfortunate daughter.—“ Unfortunate, “ without doubt!” said he, taking the papers I held to him; “ but what shall “ I learn from this history; do I not “ know it before-hand?”—“ No, my “ dear friend,” said my father, who stood by, “ you do not know it, you
“ are

“are unacquainted with the virtues of
 “that amiable daughter you seem to
 “despise. Hear herself; in these writ-
 “ings she will convince you of her
 “prudent and considerate conduct, as
 “well as the unfortunate and critical
 “circumstances she found herself in.
 “You will then be able to judge, and
 “determine hers and her children’s
 “destiny.”

We left him with the papers in his
 hand, which he began to look over; we
 then joined M. Sping and Sophia, who
 waited for us in my apartment. We
 told them what favourable symptoms
 had appeared towards the reconciliation
 of our friends with M. Mansfield. M.
 Sping gave us an account of his inter-
 view with this agreeable family, with
 whom he was delighted: after which he
 told us of his son’s and M. de Lizadie’s
 arrival at the Desert. “M. d’Erman-
 “cour,” said he, “knew his brother-
 “in-law before he had been mentioned
 “to him. ‘What do I see?’ said he.
 “‘Do not my eyes deceive me?’ Hethen
 “stop-

“ stopped a moment, as if to assure him-
“ self it was no illusion, and at the same
“ time M. de Lizadie ran to throw him-
“ self in his arms, and they both em-
“ braced each other without being able
“ to say a single word. They then
“ looked earnestly at each other, as if
“ to be certain they were not deceived;
“ at length M. d’Ermancour enquired
“ after his parents, but it was not with-
“ out hesitation and trembling, lest he
“ should hear bad news of them; but
“ when his brother-in-law told him they
“ were alive, and in perfect health, he
“ scarce knew how to express his joy, but
“ embraced him a second time, blessing
“ Heaven, and congratulating himself
“ on his happiness. When this tender
“ interview was over, I seized the first
“ moment to introduce my son to M.
“ d’Ermancour, who was looking at
“ him: he embraced him, and received
“ him with great politeness. He then
“ conducted us all, with the most cheer-
“ ful air, to his amiable wife, who gave
“ my son and M. de Lizadie a most
“ obliging

“ obliging reception. Indeed,” said M.
 Sping, “ notwithstanding all you have
 “ told us of your friends and their ha-
 “ bitation, every thing I saw was beyond
 “ my expectation. I saw in this spot
 “ the beauties of nature cultivated by
 “ art and adorned by wisdom; the or-
 “ der alone which reigns in this charm-
 “ ing abode would give a favourable
 “ idea of its inhabitants; at least in my
 “ opinion it would, even if I had not
 “ heard of those who have so much
 “ adorned it, who well deserve what I
 “ say of them.”

“ For my part,” said Sophia, looking
 at her father, “ I have no need to see
 “ them, or their habitation, to form my
 “ opinion of them; I have formed such
 “ an idea of their persons by their his-
 “ tory, that I think they must be quite
 “ perfect, and I am very impatient to see
 “ them happy. When will they come,
 “ papa?” continued she. “ You have
 “ said nothing of their return, or of
 “ mamma’s and Madame Mastrique’s
 “ arrival there. I want to know whe-
 “ ther

“ther her mistress knew her again.”—
“Have a little patience, my dear child,”
said her good father; “I did not men-
“tion your mother, because she did not
“arrive so soon as the gentlemen on
“horseback, who rode fast in order to
“announce their coming, which they
“had scarcely done when the carriage
“stopped at the door. M. d’Ermancour
“ran to give his hand to my wife;
“she had the precaution to desire Ma-
“dame Mastrique to alight from the
“carriage at some distance from the
“house, that she might prepare Madame
“d’Ermancour to receive her. This
“had been agreed on between her and
“my son, and Madame Mastrique’s
“name had not been mentioned. Your
“friend, my dear Madam,” said M.
Sping, “plainly proved her affection
“to you, by the kind reception she gave
“my wife; but the obliging compli-
“ments which passed between them were
“soon interrupted by the arrival of the
“governess. Her impatience did not
“suffer her to wait till she was called;
“she

“ she was seen at a little distance, try-
 “ ing to disengage herself from one of
 “ the servants who endeavoured to de-
 “ tain her. She ran hastily towards the
 “ house, saying she would see her dear
 “ mistress. Madame d’Ermancour knew
 “ her, and cried out with joy. The
 “ governess threw herself at her feet
 “ with every mark of true pleasure. ‘ Is
 “ it really you, my dear friend,’ said
 “ Madame d’Ermancour, ‘ whom I see
 “ once more, and hold in my arms?
 “ By what miracle did you escape the
 “ fatal shipwreck which separated us?
 “ And my father too—have you seen him
 “ since your return?’—‘ I find by these
 “ questions,’ said Madame Mastrique,
 “ ‘ that you have not heard my his-
 “ tory; but I will tell it you when we are
 “ more at liberty: permit me now to
 “ express my joy at finding M. d’Er-
 “ mancour here with you.’ She ran to
 “ him, and he received her with the
 “ greatest marks of friendship.

“ The good creature then begged
 “ she might see the children of her
 “ dear

“ dear mistress. Madame d’Ermancour
“ blushed, and made signs to her to be si-
“ lent. The governess understood her per-
“ fectly; but M. d’Ermancour, perceiv-
“ ing the confusion of his wife, gave or-
“ der to Jerome to bring the children im-
“ mediately. He then came to his wife,
“ and taking her hand, he said to her with
“ great tenderness, ‘ My dear life, your
“ confusion hurts me exceedingly. Why
“ should you blush to acknowledge your
“ children? Are they not mine? Did
“ not Heaven preside at our sacred en-
“ gagements? And have you not pro-
“ mised your hand and your heart at the
“ holy altar? Do you repent calling
“ me your husband?’—‘ O, it is im-
“ possible you should think so unjustly
“ of me!’ cried this virtuous woman,
“ throwing herself into the arms of M.
“ d’Ermancour. — ‘ This testimony of
“ your affection is a new proof of what
“ I wished to know,’ said he, at the
“ same time mingling his tears with hers.
“ When the children were brought Ma-
“ dame d’Ermancour felt herself encou-
“ raged,

“ raged, and presented them to the com-
 “ pany, as the precious pledges of her at-
 “ tachment to M. d’Ermancour; she
 “ then turned to him, and with a noble
 “ modesty entreated him to forgive her
 “ a moment’s weakness, which a false
 “ delicacy had occasioned.

“ ‘ My dear and faithful friend!’ said
 “ he, taking her again in his arms; ‘ and
 “ do you pardon me for a reproach
 “ which my heart disavows?’

“ Every body was eager to caress the
 “ sweet children, and every one felicitat-
 “ ed their parents on the virtuous senti-
 “ ments they had discovered.”

I was in tears during this very interesting account. M. Sping ceased speaking for a moment, to take a paper out of his pocket, written by M. d’Ermancour, which if requisite was to be shewn to M. Mansfield, and is exactly word for word what he said to us after the ladies and children were retired.

“ You see, my good friends, by what
 “ has passed before you, that I regard
 “ myself

“ myself as actually married to Made-
“ moiselle Mansfield. Notwithstanding
“ which, I am ready to submit to any
“ thing that is required of me in order
“ to make our marriage legal, and to
“ legitimate our children, on condition
“ that nothing shall be done to give
“ pain or humiliation to my wife. I
“ will not have her blush when she is
“ presented to her father. I will not
“ suffer him to reproach her with any
“ part of her conduct. She deserves the
“ praises of the most virtuous. No one
“ can tell the virtues of this angelic
“ woman; and M. Mansfield knows
“ little of me or his daughter, if he
“ thinks we shall consent to abandon our
“ children; they shall never quit us
“ till they have a proper establish-
“ ment. M. Mansfield has inform-
“ ed us of his intentions; these are
“ ours, nor will we go from hence be-
“ fore the marriage ceremony is again
“ repeated in the chapel where we con-
“ tracted our first engagements. If M.
“ Mansfield has not forgot those which
“ he made with me before our misfor-
“ tune ;

“ tune ; if he remembers he promised
 “ me his daughter ; and if he is still in
 “ the intention of giving her to me with-
 “ out those hard conditions which he
 “ puts to it ; I will throw myself at his
 “ feet to thank him, and assure him of
 “ my entire submission to his will. But
 “ if he insists on sending our children
 “ away from us, I must say, and ex-
 “ pect him to believe, that he will also
 “ send away their father and mother. I
 “ will in that case renounce every ad-
 “ vantage which his countenance might
 “ procure us ; but I will never on that
 “ account be any other than husband
 “ to my amiable wife, or father to my
 “ dear children.”

M. Sping, when he had finished read-
 ing this paper, left us, and told us he
 was going to wait for us at the pavilion
 of the Mountain where we were to go to
 supper. Before we set out, the younger
 M. Sping returned from the Desert and
 came to us.

“ You

“ You have no idea of the good news
“ I bring you, my dear Madam,” said
he, on his entrance. “ You will not
“ guess whom I have met, or what has
“ been the consequence of it. I have
“ already made your father acquainted
“ with a part of what I am going to tell
“ you. I should not have suffered my
“ mother and M. de Lizadie to go be-
“ fore me on our return from the De-
“ fert, but for the sake of examining
“ the Grotto, and the environs of the
“ rivulet where you rested when you
“ came hither: and while I was given
“ up to all the sentiments the place in-
“ spired me with, I perceived a coach
“ coming towards me with all possible
“ speed; but what added greatly to my
“ astonishment was, that I saw M.
“ Mansfield and his nephew, whom I
“ did not then know, in this coach;
“ but he presented him to me, and not
“ seeming to take the least notice of the
“ surprise I was under at this unexpected
“ meeting, he eagerly asked me where
“ his children were, and entreated me
“ to

“ to return with him to the Desert. I
 “ could not think of refusing, but I
 “ thought it was even my duty to go
 “ before and prepare our friends for a
 “ visit they so little expected. We
 “ walked on some little way together,
 “ and M. Mansfield then told me what
 “ had determined him so suddenly
 “ to go to seek his children. He had
 “ not been able to read her history with-
 “ out being softened; the wise and pru-
 “ dent conduct she had constantly pre-
 “ served with her lover, had much af-
 “ fected him. M. d’Ermancour’s sub-
 “ mission and respect to the woman he
 “ adored, disposed M. Mansfield by de-
 “ grees to pardon them, and he could
 “ not without feeling a kind of admira-
 “ tion hear the account of the pious
 “ method they took to consecrate their
 “ union, nor could he avoid praising
 “ their religious sentiments. Besides
 “ which, his nephew, who had other
 “ views concealed, pressed his uncle to
 “ comply with M. d’Ermancour’s wishes.
 “ I then asked M. Mansfield’s permis-
 VOL. III. L “ sign

“ sion to mount my horse, that I might
“ go and inform his daughter of his ar-
“ rival. I galloped away in spite of
“ the entreaties he made me not to get
“ before him; I knew but too well the
“ effect so unexpected a visit would
“ have on the sensibility of Madame
“ d’Ermancour, and in spite of the
“ precaution I took, I could not pre-
“ vent her feeling terror and confusion on
“ the idea of seeing a father whom she
“ still thought irritated against her, though
“ I said all in my power to convince her
“ of the contrary. M. d’Ermancour at
“ length composed her mind, but it
“ was with some difficulty he could pre-
“ vent her from running to meet this
“ father whom she so tenderly loved, and
“ whom for so long a time past she had
“ never expected to see again. She
“ however at last consented he should
“ go without her, and he made her pro-
“ mise she should stay with her children
“ till he came to fetch her. ‘I will not
“ suffer you, my dear,’ said he, ‘to
“ appear before M. Mansfield, till I
“ know

“ know what reception he is disposed to
 “ give you. I have no doubt but it will
 “ be a kind one by his impatience to
 “ come hither ; but yet I must see him
 “ before you do.’

“ He and I went directly, and we had
 “ not proceeded a hundred paces be-
 “ fore we perceived M. Mansfield and
 “ his nephew coming towards us.
 “ I looked at M. d’Ermancour. ‘ Ah !
 “ my dear friend,’ said he, ‘ what is
 “ there I would not give, that this man,
 “ whom I so much love and respect, may
 “ but do his daughter the justice she so
 “ truly merits ? How well do I know him
 “ again !’ On the contrary, M. Mans-
 “ field did not recollect his son-in law,
 “ for he asked where were his children.
 “ ‘ You see the most guilty of them at
 “ your feet,’ said M. d’Ermancour,
 “ kneeling to him ; ‘ I venture to im-
 “ plore your forgiveness for your daugh-
 “ ter ; she is worthy of you, Sir ; will you
 “ pardon her for having yielded to the
 “ most faithful love ?’ All the reply M.
 “ Mansfield made was to raise him and

“ preſs him in his arms; when the
“ tears which ran down the cheeks of this
“ good old man affected the heart of
“ our friend ſo much, that he threw
“ himſelf again at the feet of his father-
“ in-law. ‘ You are then my father,’
“ ſaid he, with tranſport, ‘ you are my
“ father, and you will be the father
“ of my children! You will reſtore
“ your affection to your virtuous daugh-
“ ter. I prevented her from coming to
“ meet you; I reſſed her wiſhes,
“ which led her to throw herſelf at your
“ feet. Forgive me, Sir, forgive my un-
“ juſt ſuſpicions; I was afraid to expoſe
“ your child to your firſt diſpleaſure; but
“ ſhe waits for me, and I fly to aſſure
“ her, and to fill her heart with joy by
“ telling her how happy you have made
“ us both.’

“ M. Mansfield detained him. ‘ I will
“ tell her myſelf,’ ſaid he; ‘ I cannot ſuf-
“ ficiently make her amends for the pain
“ I have given her.’

“ M. d’Ermancour however went be-
“ fore, but did not find his companion.

“ He

" He easily guessed where she was, and
 " conducted her father thither. They
 " saw her and her two children in the
 " little chapel, petitioning Heaven for
 " mercy, and imploring her father's
 " forgiveness. At the noise we made
 " in approaching the door, this amiable
 " woman, still kneeling, turned her eyes
 " that way, and screamed out, calling
 " upon her father. 'Oh! pardon, par-
 " don me!' said she, raising her hands
 " to Heaven; 'my dear father, suffer
 " me again to be your child!'"

" Imagine to yourself, my dear
 " Madam," said M. Sping, " this pic-
 " ture of filial love and tenderness; see
 " this worthy parent in the arms of
 " his daughter lavishing on her the most
 " tender caresses, and her husband
 " near her trying to reanimate her spirits.
 " 'M. Mansfield,' said he to her, 'is
 " the best of fathers; I have no doubt
 " but he will love our children.'
 " He made them come forward and bade
 " them kneel down at the feet of M.

L 3 " Mansfield.

“ Mansfield. The venerable old man
“ was so much affected by it, that he
“ went hastily out of the chapel after
“ having embraced his charming grand-
“ children. ‘ Mamma, mamma!’ said
“ the little innocents, ‘ he called us his
“ own children, is it another papa that
“ we have got?’

“ This happy family now perceived
“ me and the young M. Mansfield;
“ I saw M. d’Ermancour look earnestly
“ at the nephew of his father-in-law; and
“ I announced him to him. M. d’Er-
“ mancour, after saluting the cousin of
“ his dear Zelia, presented her to him,
“ and they all expressed the great plea-
“ sure they had in seeing each other.

“ Their kind father returned to tell
“ his children he would have their mar-
“ riage rites performed again in the same
“ chapel where they had first contracted
“ with so much piety their sacred en-
“ gagements, and entreated me to send
“ a priest for that purpose, as soon as I
“ came back to Achem. ‘ As for me,’
“ said he, ‘ I shall not again leave my
“ chil-

“ children. You will easily imagine,
“ my dear Madam,” continued he,
“ in what manner they received such
“ proofs of his affection. They all
“ surrounded him, and even little Cher-
“ lot and Zelinette caressed him a
“ thousand times, and without knowing
“ what it meant, repeated their father’s
“ and mother’s expressions over and over.
“ All the company went out from the
“ chapel very well satisfied, in order to
“ return to the house. M. Mansfield
“ went first leading his grand-children,
“ their mother followed conducted by
“ her cousin. This lovely woman kept
“ looking at her husband and chil-
“ dren with true satisfaction painted in
“ her countenance: she had no longer
“ that fearful and conscious air which in
“ her first interview with her father she
“ had discovered; joy and pleasure now
“ animated her face and rendered her
“ more beautiful and more interesting
“ than ever. Her fine eyes, which till
“ now I had never seen opened but to
“ express the sorrows of her heart,
L 4 “ sparkled

“ sparkled with that brilliancy which
“ shewed that the wishes of her virtuous
“ heart were all completely satisfied.”

M. Sping having now finished his recital, he gave me a letter from my friend to read.

Letter to Mademoiselle NINETTE.

“ M. SPING, who brings you this letter, will tell you, my charming friend,
“ how happy I am ; but no one can tell
“ you, nor can I myself express to you,
“ half the gratitude which we all owe to
“ you. It is by your means, my dear
“ child, that we are made happy ; and I
“ know you well enough to believe, that
“ that idea will give you the highest satisfaction. My heart can never perfectly enjoy its felicity till I can share
“ it with you. Come then, my dearest
“ friend, come and complete my happiness by your presence. I throw myself at the feet of Lord Harture, to
“ entreat him to spare me for a moment my dear Ninette, and to request
“ the

“ the pleasure of his company to-mor-
 “ row with her, and the rest of my good
 “ friends. What an interesting and glo-
 “ rious day will it be to me! I see none
 “ which can ever compare with it, but
 “ that in which I hope to see you at
 “ the altar, confirming the happiness of
 “ the amiable young man who adores
 “ you. He is going to leave us.

“ Adieu then, dearest Ninette,
 “ till to-morrow. What a sweet hope!
 “ I shall see you to-morrow, I shall hold
 “ you in my arms, I shall be held in
 “ yours! How many pleasures shall I
 “ enjoy at the same time! My heart is
 “ overjoyed at it, and that of my ami-
 “ able husband is equally delighted.
 “ My children are happier than they ever
 “ yet have been. They and their fa-
 “ ther are most anxious to see you.”

The pleasure I felt on reading this
 letter, and hearing M. Sping's account,
 may easily be imagined. We then parted
 in order to prepare for our going to this
 charming pavilion at the Mountain,
 which was the place fixed for receiving

our friends from the Desert, and celebrating their happiness as well as their deliverance.

It was ornamented with all the fineries which India produces. We fixed our departure for the next break of day, which as soon as it appeared inspired us all with joy. Every one dispersed in order to prepare for their departure. Nothing was heard but the noise of carriages, and people getting them ready; many of them were sent before, to carry what my friend had desired me to send her. The cooks went the evening before to carry provisions. My father, and the elder M. Sping, had spent part of the night in causing a number of tents and other furniture to be carried, sufficient to entertain with convenience the many persons who were invited to this entertainment. At length, to my great joy, the time came for our departure; the smallest delay made me impatient. I set out at the head of a dozen coaches, as many chaises and palanquins; my father, M. and Madame Sping, and myself, in
the

the first; my brother and the younger M. Sping, with many of their friends, preceded us on horseback. The band of music belonging to my brother's ship walked before us, and had a most delightful effect in the forest. What joy and what agitation of spirits was I in, as I approached the Desert. I had quitted this sequestered habitation with a heart torn by the cruel idea that I should never again see the place in which I was born, or the dear friends which a supernatural power had obliged me to abandon; I had come from it alone, in despair, wandering at random in this gloomy forest, with my mind filled with the most dismal thoughts, without hope or support, and trembling at the smallest sound I heard; walking on without knowing which way I went, and without foreseeing the dangers I exposed myself to. I could not help trembling, even in this joyful moment, when I recollected this unhappy circumstance of my life; at the same time it increased my pleasure, when I compared my present

situation with the past. My return was as brilliant and as delightful as my departure had been painful and mortifying. I went back in triumph, surrounded by relations and friends; even the ground I walked over was embellished, and the obscure cavern from which I feared I should never escape was now become, by M. Sping's care and attention, a convenient and pleasant shelter. This amiable lover had also taken pleasure in ornamenting the banks of the rivulet where I had rested with my faithful turtle-dove; in short, every thing conspired to give me pleasure. I was so overcome with it, that I scarcely could give an answer to any thing my father and his friends said to me. This state was my mind in, when I saw the gentlemen alighting from their horses, and the musicians placing themselves on each side of the road into the forest, in order to make room for the company who were coming towards us. I got up with the greatest precipitation, and screamed out on seeing my dear mamma, conducted

ducted by her father and her husband ; the coach stopped, and I found myself in the arms of my best friend, without knowing how I came there : tears and some half-broken words were all that we could at that moment express, to shew our joy and tenderness. “ I have then found my child !” said Madame d’Ermancour ; “ I am made happy by her means, and with her society.”— “ My dearest mamma,” said I, “ it is your virtue which Heaven has rewarded ! it is the education I received from you, and the care you took of me in my infancy, which have procured the happiness I now partake with you ; we could never have expected, without the divine assistance, so many happy events as have occurred.” It was while we embraced each other, that we naturally expressed our joy : the children of my dear friend knew me again, and ran to me making me a thousand caresses. M. d’Ermancour, whom I had not yet seen among those who were impatient to see me,

came

came to me at this moment, and I embraced him with the same pleasure as I had done the rest of the family: I am indebted to him for the happiness I now enjoy, I saw in his countenance that sensible and delicate pleasure which is entirely free from any consciousness of fear or remorse.

“ My dear young lady,” said he, with a voice which shewed his emotion, “ if Heaven grants my prayers, you will very soon be as happy as you have made us.”

The company having recovered their tranquillity, which was necessary to be done previous to the holy ceremony going to be performed, every one went in order to the chapel; I felt a deep impression on my mind when I saw this virtuous pair under the canopy with their infants; it was carried by M. Mansfield and M. de Lizadie. What a difference, thought I, is there between this present happy family, and the scene I was formerly witness of! My friend is now surrounded by a numerous train of friends;

friends; but I remember the time when they performed the same holy ceremony unaccompanied, the thoughts of which occasioned her to shed many tears. They are no longer deserted and neglected beings, but are now restored to their relations and friends; they are now going to enjoy the benefits of society and procure an honourable situation for their children.

It was with these reflections I a second time assisted at the nuptials of my friends. As soon as the ceremony was over, I embraced them most tenderly; the rest of the company did the same; and then every one, at the sound of a trumpet, went to the beautiful orchard to eat their breakfast as they chose; and after this delicate repast, which was spent in gaiety, the company all divided and went to enjoy themselves in walking about the forest till dinner-time. My father desired to have a private conversation with my dear friend. I expressed a wish to stay also with them, but he begged me to go. The following

lowing was the substance of their conversation:

My father, on entering the place which contained the precious remains of my unfortunate mother, felt his sorrows revive, and they were still more augmented when he saw the house she had inhabited, and the places where, perhaps, she had so frequently deplored her sad and unjust fate, which had separated her from her lover. His mind was depressed by these reflections, and he could no longer delay communicating them to the beloved friend of my mother.

“ Will you, Madam,” said he, “ forgive me for venturing, on such a happy day as this, to mention to you my grief and concern? Can you be kind enough to allow me for a moment to call to your remembrance the poor Nina, the beloved mistress of my heart, the mother of my Ninette? Alas! she might perhaps have been alive now, and been my wife, had not my parents opposed it.”—“ Indeed, my Lord,” said Madame d’Erman-

cour,

cour, “ your grief is very just, and the
“ object of it truly worthy. I partake
“ it with you, and feel, as you do, how
“ much this amiable woman would have
“ added to the pleasures of this day by
“ her presence; she would have increased
“ that happiness which she herself would
“ have been so able to enjoy. Why
“ could she not, as well as I, be wit-
“ nesses to these precious proofs of your
“ tenderness!” added she, seeing my
father shed tears. “ If she is able to see
“ and hear us from that Heaven where
“ I am sure she is gone, her pure and
“ tender spirit will descend among us;
“ at least let us think so for our conso-
“ lation, my Lord; let us imagine we
“ see her rejoicing among us.”

In this manner did this pious woman endeavour to soften her own and her friend’s grief. M. d’Ermancour, uneasy at not seeing his wife with the company, came to them, and by that means put a stop to their conversation. My father did not wait for them, but walked on by himself to go to the place where his un-
fortunate

fortunate wife was buried; Madame d'Ermancour having directed him how to find it: and whilst he was devoting himself to that sorrow which the cold and inanimate grave inspired him with, the re-married couple joined the cheerful assembly who waited for them. As soon as I saw them appear, I ran to ask them where they had left my father: my friend, by a glance of her eye, informed me where I should find him, and her intreaties afterwards to prevent me from following him were ineffectual. M. Sping, ever attentive to me, guessed, by some words which dropped, what made me leave the company; he followed me, and we went together to my mother's tomb: there we found my father so deeply engaged with the melancholy object before him, that we were close by him before he saw us. I burst into tears at so affecting a sight. "My dear child," said he, "come and mix your tears with mine; " come and regret the most unfortunate " of mothers; endeavour to make her " hear you in pitiful accents, imploring " her

“ her to pardon your father, whose rash
“ and too ardent love was the means
“ of hastening her death.”

He then saw M. Sping, who out of respect to our sorrows kept at a distance, though he fervently joined in them. My father then made a sign to him to approach. Full of veneration which the place had inspired him with, M. Sping came to us with a melancholy air, unable to speak a word. We all three fell on our knees, and prostrated ourselves upon the stone which contained the dear object of our grief; after a few minutes silence, my father got up first, and raised us, embracing us both, and repeating aloud his promise to unite us in the sacred bonds of marriage. He intreated the shade of his unfortunate wife to hear and approve the union.

We quitted this gloomy place without speaking or communicating to each other the melancholy ideas which filled our minds. But these sorrowful impressions abated by degrees as we approached a scene of a very different nature, which, in spite of
our

our feelings, must draw us from the situation we were then in. I say in spite of ourselves, because it is a difficult matter to recover suddenly from a deep impression, let what will happen; and it can only be by degrees, and length of time, that one lively sensation can be replaced by another.

Although we appeared to partake of our friends joy, they could not help remarking by our looks how much we had been affected. But as all the company knew the reason, they paid a proper respect to our grief, and every one endeavoured to dissipate it, avoiding to mention any thing which might lead to renew it. These delicate attentions, which are more easily felt than expressed, made the tears frequently fall from my eyes, which I tried to conceal. My tenderness seemed nothing more than a lively expression of gratitude to my friends for the interest and attention they paid me, and prepared my mind to enjoy impressions of a more pleasing kind. M. Sping was only grave because he saw me so, and
when

when he found my sorrow abated he recovered his usual cheerfulness. But my father's grief was much deeper and better founded than mine, and for a long time he continued under the melancholy ideas with which my mother's grave had inspired him. I had never known my mother, and till the time of my quitting the Desert I never knew I had any other than Madame d'Ermancour. I saw no other person but her and myself in the world, and it was with the greatest reluctance I could bring myself to think of my having had another, when my friend, supposing herself at the point of death, told me to whom I really owed my birth; and it has only been the effect of time which has enlightened and enlarged my ideas, and my own reflections, that have made me sensible of the loss I sustained by the death of my real mother. Consequently my sorrow was not equal to that of my father, who knew so perfectly all her amiable qualities, by the intimacy in which he lived with her. I knew nothing of her person and charms, but what I had
been

been told by others. I loved to talk about her to my friends, I respected her memory, but still my heart was not afflicted like my father's. He regretted the happiness which he enjoyed with her, and found her society wanting both on his own and his daughter's account, particularly at a time when by his wife's death he would have been at liberty to have united himself to her for life. These afflicting ideas, inspired by the melancholy place we had just left, made a deeper impression on his mind than I could have imagined, considering the natural gaiety and almost thoughtlessness of his disposition.

After dinner there arrived a visitor very interesting to our friends. We were all assembled in the orchard, where we were dancing; we perceived a young Indian woman talking with one of our servants, and who appeared very anxious to come to us. M. d'Ermancour went to inquire who it could be, and was greatly surprised to find the good and innocent Maria, who had discovered my friend

friend seated on a rock, as she passed with her father and mother in the boat, and had pointed out to M. d'Ermancour, the place where he might find his beloved mistress, whom till then he had despaired of ever seeing again. It may be easily supposed he was very glad to see this good girl, to whom he owed so great an obligation, and had often regretted not being able to testify his gratitude to her. Maria had retired on seeing M. d'Ermancour coming towards her. The footman, to amuse himself, told her that the gentleman whom she saw coming, was the master of the house, and that he was certainly coming to drive her away. Although she knew M. d'Ermancour again, yet she hid herself in the crowd when she saw him advance. M. d'Ermancour found the dispute over when he arrived, but was enquiring the cause of it, when Jerome came from the other side and ran to the poor Indian, whom he knew directly, and called to her by her name. After he had embraced her, to the great astonishment of the other domestics,

domestics, who had so ill treated her, he presented her to his master, and told him the subject of the quarrel. M. d'Ermancour expressed to the poor Maria how glad he was to see her, and took her hand to lead her to the company, and placed her in the midst of the circle. He then asked her if the lady she saw upon the rock was amongst the company: he had scarce time to finish his question, before Maria recollected Madame d'Ermancour, and pointed to her with her finger, expressing great joy to see her. M. d'Ermancour led her afterwards to M. Mansfield, telling him it was she who had been the means of restoring his child to him. Madame d'Ermancour, hearing what they said, went and embraced the good Indian, and told her, as if she was able to understand her, how glad she was to see her.

“ See here, my love,” said M. d'Ermancour, “ the messenger of good news, “ who brought me intelligence that I “ might yet be happy; it is she who “ informed me you was still alive, and “ directed

“ directed me to the place of your re-
 “ treat.”

He then inquired if there were any black slaves there who understood her language. M. Sping the younger had one, whom he called: it was the same person I mentioned in the account of my arrival at Achem. This young man knew Maria, they came from the same country, and he had loved her from his earliest youth; he appeared charmed to find her in such good company; they talked some together in their own language, and the slave, which was the name of the slave, repeated their conversation afterwards to his master.

“ I knew,” said M. Sping, “ that this
 “ honest lad was born in a hamlet some
 “ miles from Achem, but I was ig-
 “ norant of some circumstances which
 “ he has told me in few words. He
 “ had informed me that the cruelty and
 “ barbarity of his father had obliged him
 “ to quit the place of his birth, but he
 “ did not tell me that he had left the
 “ object of his inclination behind him,

“ which made him very unhappy on his
“ first arrival at Achem; he has now
“ told me that he always lamented the
“ poor Maria his neighbour.”

She acquainted him with the true reason of her coming to the Desert. She had had the misfortune to lose her father, and her brother was married into a family she could not bear; both these events made her determine to come to Achem, in the hope of finding her friend l'Eveillè. She had been a fortnight without hearing any thing of him, and was going to return home again, when yesterday she met with a person who informed her of M. Sping's house. She went there this morning, but the servants, not understanding her, called to a black who worked in the garden, and by his means she was informed where to find l'Eveillè; she was but badly received at first, but she is very happy to have found him, as well as the fine gentleman and the beautiful lady she had first discovered on the rock.

All

All the company was charmed with Maria's good fortune; she had found in the same instant her lover and her protectors. They all surrounded her to congratulate her, whilst M. and Madame d'Ermancour concerted together by what means they could reward her. Madame d'Ermancour proposed marrying her to her lover, and establishing them in the habitation they were about to leave. M. d'Ermancour was much pleased with this proposal, he called l'Eveillè, and asked him if he still loved Maria well enough to marry her. The honest man said he wished nothing more, if Maria consented; they asked her the same question, and she made the same reply; l'Eveillè only made one condition, which was easily obtained, this was the approbation of his young master. M. Sping gave it very willingly, and promised him a gratification. M. d'Ermancour then asked them both if they would like to live in the house of the Desert when they were married; he told them they should have it with all its dependencies, and

that they should besides have a pension sufficient to make them live at ease with their children, in case they had any; M. Mansfield confirmed this promise, and gave a purse of gold to Maria. As she did not know what to do with it, she gave it to her lover, and they both went on their knees to thank their good benefactors, amongst whom they reckoned Lord Harture, for besides several pieces of gold which he gave them, he also promised Maria a pension, for having been a means of his finding his daughter again. This affair was settled, and they were told they were to be married the next morning, which was done in the same chapel where their benefactors were united the day before.

When Madame d'Ermancour saw the time approach for quitting her solitary retreat, she experienced a regret which she had not foreseen: the world into which she was going terrified her. Her great modesty, and the taste she had acquired by long custom, for retirement, made her think she was no longer fit to
live

live in society, of which she had forgot the customs; but these inconveniencies were soon dispersed, when she recollected her children's future destiny. "It is
 "for their sakes entirely, my dear
 "friend," said she, "that I consent to
 "go from hence: they deserve such a
 "sacrifice, which I owe to their ad-
 "vantage, but it is no less painful to
 "me. I feel unhappy at the idea of
 "quitting this calm and peaceful abode,
 "perhaps never to return to it again."
 "Never!" said I, "my dear friend,
 "we may all return to it again to-
 "morrow, and every day if you please."

But these visits, which could only be short ones, and which probably might soon be put a stop to, on account of the distance she might find herself from the Desert, on her quitting Achem, was only a small consolation to her. When the hour for departure arrived, she begged the company to leave her in the Desert with her husband and children, and she promised to join them at the pavilion by the Mountain, as soon as she had

acquitted herself of some indispensable duties. All the company went, except my father and me, whom she distinguished from the rest of the assembly. "This day ought to be remembered by our posterity," said she to my father, when we were left in her apartment; "I would neither conclude it, nor quit this loved place, without declaring my intentions to you and this dear child," said she, holding her hand to me, which I kissed; "they are the effects of a sacred engagement which I made in the last moments I spent with Mademoiselle de Lizadie, our most amiable and tender friend. I swore on receiving her last sigh, that I would never abandon her. 'Whatever may happen to me, my dear friend,' said I, often to her, 'or whatever distance I may go, I will assuredly return here to end my days; the same grave shall receive us both.' This oath, which I took in my sorrow, I now repeat in the presence of you, my dear friends: I intreat you to approve

“ approve it, and promise me it shall be
 “ fulfilled when I am no more. I had
 “ the consolation to see my tender friend
 “ was sensible of this proof of my at-
 “ tachment, and that it abated the sad-
 “ ness of her last moments.”

“ I shall be before you in this tomb,
 “ my dear and most respectable friend,”
 said my father, sobbing with grief; “ I
 “ intend in a short time to raise, in this
 “ place, a monument sacred to the me-
 “ mory of my wife, where I will have
 “ her precious remains deposited, that
 “ mine, when I die, may be placed by
 “ her side. I should not have mention-
 “ ed to you, however, this melancholy
 “ intention, which I have determined
 “ on since I came here, if you had not
 “ obliged me to it, by communicating
 “ to me your own; and I hope, Madam,
 “ you will approve of mine, as I do of
 “ yours. For you, my dear child,”
 said he, observing me drowned in tears,
 “ pardon me for the pain I have given
 “ you; come to my arms and suffer me
 “ to dry your tears, and give ease to my

"heart, which only beats for your sake."

M. d'Ermancour was out of doors, giving some orders; he returned at this moment: his wife went to him and led him another way, to spare him the pain of seeing us all in tears. When they were gone, a scene passed between my father and me, which was more affecting than that which had just happened.

"My dear child," said my father, "now we are alone, shew me the chamber which your mother inhabited; I want to see it before I go from hence."

When I had conducted him to the door,

"Now my dear child," said he, "go and join your friends, and leave me a few moments alone." As I would

not distress him I went, but my uneasiness soon obliged me to return. "I

"will not go into the room," said I to myself, "but I will be at hand to see and comfort my father, if I find him too much affected by his grief." I

stopped at the door, whence I could see and hear him without being perceived: he stood motionless in the middle of the

room,

room; and regarded every thing about it with sorrowful eyes; I saw him then look at the bed, which he approached with precipitation, and uttering an exclamation of grief—"She was in this
 "bed," said he, "when she gave birth
 "to the precious pledge of our loves!
 "It was thinking of me which made
 "her weep over the destiny of that innocent child—— 'I shall never have
 "the happiness of seeing her smile on
 "her father," said she;—why was I not
 "here to dry up her tears and to press
 "her to my bosom!" cried he. At this moment Madame d'Ermancour returned:—"Leave me, my dear friend," said she, "to speak to your father; do
 "you retire for a moment, as I wish to
 "be alone with him: this moment and
 "the place are both favourable for the
 "success which I hope for; pray leave
 "us a minute together," repeated she, perceiving I wished to follow her; "you
 "should not be present at the conversation I am going to have with him."
 "I do not insist on it," said I; "but,
 M 5 "my

“ my dear friend, pray endeavour to
“ bring him quickly out of that cham-
“ ber which gives him so much pain.”
I then retired, with my heart oppressed
and full of sorrow. — Madame d’Erman-
cour found my father on his knees, and
leaning his head on the side of the bed,
which he bathed with his tears. “ It
“ is not tears, my Lord,” said she, as
she entered, “ that our dear friend
“ requires of us ; arise and hear her speak
“ to you through me. ‘ My good friend,’
“ would she say, were it possible for her to
“ express her wishes, ‘ comfort this too
“ tender and too penitent father, let him
“ know by you, that I always justified him
“ in my own opinion, and never in the
“ most bitter moments of despair accused
“ him of having betrayed me. Tell him,
“ my dear friend, that the greatest good
“ he can possibly do me at present, is
“ to live happy and contented with his
“ child, for whom I intreat him to pre-
“ serve himself.’ She never, my Lord,
“ ceased one instant to love you ; nay,
“ she still loves you wherever she is ;
“ but

“ but her tender and amiable sensibility
 “ would be wounded and tormented in
 “ the most cruel manner, did she know
 “ your intentions with regard to your
 “ charming daughter, and that from
 “ motives of vanity you had delayed
 “ her marriage. ‘ Dread,’ my good
 “ friend, would she say, ‘ dread to ex-
 “ pose your child to the same wretched
 “ fate which the ambition of your pa-
 “ rents brought upon me.”—“ What,
 “ Madam,” said my father, “ is this
 “ you tell me? What a bitter remem-
 “ brance do you awaken in my heart!
 “ What! shall I have to reproach my-
 “ self with having acted improperly to-
 “ wards my child? Might I be the
 “ cause of her unhappiness by the
 “ scheme I had formed, let it then be
 “ this moment destroyed, the fatal
 “ scheme which I thought would have
 “ conduced to her honour. But it is
 “ this false pride which ruined me; it is
 “ this which made my parents take the
 “ cruel resolution to separate me for
 “ ever from the person dearest to me

“ on earth. My children shall never
“ reproach me with being tyrant enough
“ to act as my parents had done in
“ tearing me from the arms of a woman
“ whom I have never ceased to regret.
“ What you have just told me, Madam,
“ of her sentiments for me, makes her
“ still dearer to me : since she did me
“ justice, I shall die content ; I stood in
“ need of this consolation from the
“ mouth of her best friend. What is it
“ I do not owe to you on her account,
“ on my own, and for our dear child?
“ You have preserved her for my hap-
“ piness, and have made her an honour
“ to her sex ; continue to her, Madam,
“ your kindness, and do you yourself fix
“ the day of her marriage with the man
“ she loves.”

He perceived my good mamma he-
sitated to reply. “ Tell me, however,”
said he, “ what were her mother’s in-
“ tentions ? You knew her opinion so
“ well. What would she do in my place ?”
“ I am certain,” said Madame d’Erman-
cour, “ that she would as well as you
“ approve

“ approve her daughter’s choice ; but
 “ shall I tell you, my Lord, she would
 “ not have desired any other qualities in
 “ M. Sping than those which distinguish
 “ him at this time from all the young
 “ men of the age.”—“ Well, Madam,”
 said my father, “ nor will I desire more ;
 “ therefore, I request before we go
 “ from hence, that you will fix the day
 “ when I shall call him my son-in-law.”

This compliment paid to Madame
 d’Ermancour made her very happy ; she
 saw her scheme had proved successful,
 but the day she had fixed in her own mind
 was so near that she was afraid she should
 not bring my father to agree to it. The
 younger M. Sping had told her all the
 good qualities of my father, but had not
 left her in ignorance of his great taste for
 pomp and magnificence. He had com-
 plained how much he had suffered since
 our separation, and had almost convinced
 her that my Lord would very unwillingly
 give up his intentions of deferring the
 marriage for some years, because he hoped
 by that time M. Sping might acquire
 rank.

rank in the navy, where he meant to place him in an advantageous situation. From the knowledge of this, Madame d'Ermancour formed her plan, and had only mentioned it to her husband, who engaged to join with her in profiting by the situation of matters which appeared to them so favourable, and indeed were so beyond their expectations. My father not only renounced his former schemes, but consented that our marriage should be celebrated the next day in the same chapel our friends were united in the day before: they called me at length to communicate to me the result of their conversation, which had given me some little alarm.

“ My dear child,” said my father,
“ you must thank your second mother
“ our good friend; but for her, I should
“ perhaps have been the cause of unhappiness to you, while I was seeking to
“ do you honour; I should have been
“ more guilty than any other person,
“ as I have suffered all my life from
“ false notions which caused the misfor-
“ tunes

“tunes of your poor mother, and which
 “still make me wretched. But let us
 “draw an impenetrable veil over these
 “sad events. I ought not to speak of
 “my parents but with proper respect,
 “let us think of nothing in future but
 “the happiness we are going to enjoy
 “with our friends: I give up my rights
 “to Madame d’Ermancour; she has
 “ever been a kind mother to you, and
 “has all the tenderness of one; do
 “you confirm the promise I have given
 “her, that she shall fix the day of your
 “marriage.”

He took my hand, gave it to my
 dear friend, and pressed us both to his
 heart. He then spoke to us with the
 greatest tenderness, and went out, assur-
 ing us he would depart the sooner in or-
 der to acquaint M. Sping the elder.
 “And I will also,” said he, “inform
 “his son, that to-morrow my daughter
 “shall complete his happiness.”

I was so much astonished and affected
 by what he said, that I fell into the arms
 of my friend almost senseless, and when

I was

I was able to speak I begged her to explain to me the meaning of my father's words which he had addressed to me on his going away.—“ Can it be possible,” said I, to my friend, after she had told me what had passed between her and my father, “ you should in so short a “ time change his purposes ?”—“ Yes, “ my dear child,” replied my good friend, “ every thing is possible to be “ done by the tenderness of a fond mother.”—“ I feel more than ever,” said I, “ that you are one to me,” leaning my face on her bosom ; “ yes, you have “ been the tenderest of all mothers to “ me. And you will bestow the same “ kind sentiments on the amiable man “ whose vows I shall to-morrow receive “ at the altar. When you know him “ better you will love him, you will “ adopt him as your son ; he is worthy “ of it by the respect and veneration he “ has conceived for you.”

We then set out from the Desert to the pavilion at the Mountain ; the children with us. M. d'Ermancour was already
already

already arrived there with my father; I cannot easily express the trouble and agitation we both felt on approaching this place. My friend was pleased to see the retreat where I took shelter in my distress, but the crowd of company she saw at the foot of the Mountain, and which she knew came on her account, put her in great terror, and encreased her natural timidity.

“ See,” said one, “ this beautiful re-
 “ cluse.”—“ She has not the air of one,”
 said another. “ How lovely she is, with
 “ her little ones about her !” cried they
 all together, as they crowded round the
 coach.

At length we arrived at the door of the pavilion, where our friends waited for us. M. d'Ermancour took his wife in his arms, and M. Sping the younger would have taken my hand, but I begged him to take care of the little children. M. London conducted me to the saloon, where all the best people of Achem were assembled. I felt for my friend during the first moments, as every eye was fixed
 upon

upon her, and I pitied her still more when her father took her by the hand and presented her to all the company as his daughter, whom he had found again after she had lived seventeen years in the Desert. But I soon recovered myself when I found she appeared quite at ease, and replied to all the company's compliments with the most graceful air imaginable. Her husband and children were welcomed by all the company, and I received a part of their compliments as having been their companion in their solitude.

When the first bustle was over, my friend begged me to conduct her to the apartment designed for her. She was quite dazzled and delighted with the magnificence she saw there; but she could not without emotion observe the picture in which I was painted in the dress I wore in the Desert; the turtle-dove reminded her to ask after that I had brought with me. While she spoke of it, we saw M. Sping enter with it on his hand; he presented it to her as the emblem

blem of friendship, which he said must attach it to her for the rest of its life. When my friend had replied to this compliment, and had caressed the little dove, she asked M. Sping if he had been informed of Lord Harture's new intentions in his favour. He was ignorant of it: my Lord had contented himself with telling his father, and desired him to keep it secret. "I will leave to Madame d'Ermancour the pleasure of acquainting your son," said he. "My Lord told me," said M. Sping, "that you, Madam, had some agreeable intelligence to give me, but I dare not venture to ask you what it is."—"What!" said my friend; "do not you know you are to be married to-morrow?"—"Oh, Madam, do not increase my troubles, I conjure you; am I not farther than ever from the happiness with which I was flattered? You bring to my remembrance those hopes of which my Lord deprived me when he took away his daughter."—"I am come to restore her to you," said my father, who

who came in just then, and had heard M. Sping's last words. "She will be
" yours, my dear friend, in a few hours ;
" Madame d'Ermancour was to inform
" you of it," added he ; " it is she,
" who has determined on the marriage,
" and has fixed to-morrow for the day ;
" therefore I wished her also to acquaint
" you with it."

It is impossible to express the joy and astonishment of this faithful lover at hearing news so contrary to the first designs of my father.

" Pardon me, my Lord," said he, throwing himself at his feet, " if I seem
" to doubt of my happiness ; is it really
" true that you will give me your daughter, without requiring qualities and
" titles? However brilliant they might
" have been, they would have been far
" below what she merits."—" I understand you, my friend," said my father,
" and I am not offended at this reproach,
" which I deserved ; but be generous
" and forget my foibles, and come to
" the arms of a father, in order to
" strengthen

“strengthen the bands which will unite
“us to each other for ever.”

I cannot express what I felt on seeing two persons so dear to me weeping with tenderness and delight. They felicitated each other on their mutual happiness; had I followed the natural inclination of my heart, I should have flown into both their arms; but it was in those of my tender friend I threw myself weeping with excess of joy. My father put an end to this interesting scene by taking Madame d'Ermancour's hand, and leading her back to the saloon where the company waited supper: M. Sping and I followed, but we were too much affected and our hearts too full for us to be able to speak a word. Supper passed very gaily, and every one seemed to partake in the happiness of my friend and her family. I must, however, except the young M. Mansfield, he could not without great chagrin renounce his hopes relative to his cousin, and those which he had afterwards entertained for me. He was very much hurt when he heard that my marriage
with

with M. Sping was agreed on; and he set out for Batavia as soon as supper was over, spite of all M. Mansfield's intreaties, who was ignorant of his reasons, and had told him it was very unpolite to Lord Harture, not to stay and assist at his daughter's nuptials. Those who knew his motives for going were alarmed lest he should yield to his uncle's intreaties, and that he might disturb the happiness of the day. But he fortunately persisted in his intentions, and left us satisfied and contented. At length the company retired to take some rest, previous to our returning in the morning to the Desert, where my marriage was celebrated with all the splendour my father and my husband could add to it. M. Suple was the good priest who united us: at the same time the young Indian was married to l'Eveillè, and put in possession of the habitation in the Desert, where we left them and returned in the evening to Achem.

A grand entertainment was provided for us on board M. de Lizadie's ship,

who was my cousin and the brother-in-law of M. d'Ermancour. All the company went thither, after having conducted me to the house of M. Sping; my husband having desired me to take possession again of the same apartment which his dear Ninette, he said, had inhabited, before the perfidious trick had been played him in taking her away. He threw himself at my father's feet, as he said these words, and thanked him for having restored him to life by giving him his lovely daughter; he added, that he hoped to render himself worthy of his kindness, and that all his endeavours should be to merit the honourable title he had just given him.

M. Sping has justly kept his promise; he has made himself distinguished in every employ he is engaged in. He is at present the commander of the marine forces at Achem, and is Director General of the Dutch East India company's possessions. He is not only the friend and support of his whole family, but is absolutely necessary to their happiness.

Heaven,

Heaven, which has ever been gracious to me, has increased my husband's and my own felicity, by giving us a son fifteen months after our marriage, and in the course of a few years after two charming little girls, whose education employs the most pleasing part of my time.

These three little ones were all nursed by the good Maria in the Desert, which place has undergone great alteration, though it still bears the same name. My father and my husband have vied with each other in building elegant houses, and planting the most delightful gardens. We go there constantly the whole family once a week; besides which, my husband and I spend as much time there as we can properly spare from society. M. Suple lives there; my father having given him a house and a pension which from this time will be annexed to the chapel of the Desert, which my father has built over the tomb which contains the remains of my unfortunate mother.

Here

*Here Madame d'ERMANCOUR takes up
the pen.*

IF we had been writing a romance or novel, my history and that of my friend, would have concluded upon our marriage. But as it is not a fictitious story, I am going to continue it by giving an account of my return to France with my family. An event so important to my husband and myself will perhaps interest some of those who have taken a part in our misfortunes, and have pitied the sad fate of my husband's respectable parents. After staying a fortnight with our friends at Achem, we embarked with my father and all our family for Batavia. M. d'Ermancour, who wished for nothing so much as returning to France, to see his father and mother, could not consent without difficulty to take this voyage. He told me his unwillingness, and his firm resolution to put a speedy end to all his affairs at Batavia, that he might go directly to his parents. I assured him I would use every method to second his

desires, and that I was myself determined to leave my father if his business prevented his going with us to France. Happily I was not put to such a difficulty; M. Mansfield, to comply with his son-in-law's wishes, soon finished the affair which called him to Batavia: and we had scarcely been there six weeks before we were employed in preparing for our return to Europe. We went in a ship which my father at his own expence had loaded with all the riches of the Indies; our voyage was a fortunate one, and we arrived in good health on the coast of Normandy. >

In this rich and beautiful province, the native country of my husband, lived the Marquisd'Ermancour his father, who with his wife had retired hither to one of his estates. These tender parents still doubted the existence of their son, notwithstanding the intelligence they had received through their son-in-law, M. de Lizadie: but nothing less than seeing this beloved child could persuade them of so unexpected a pleasure.

The

The estate which the Marquis and Marchioness d'Ermancour inhabited was some leagues from the city of Rouen, from whence they received letters from their son; he then acquainted them with his departure for Batavia, and mentioned the time when he might hope to arrive in France with his family. Their joy is not to be described, at being made sensible of it; their grief at hearing he was lost must have been felt, as well as the tenderness of their affection for this beloved son, before it is possible to express the delightful sensations they experienced. They were even still doubtful of their happiness when they looked at his handwriting, the characters of which were so deeply engraven on their hearts.

At length the good Marquis cried out, "It is a letter from my son!" He said this to his wife in a voice much moved and greatly altered. "It is his writing," said he, trying to break the seal, which his hand, trembling with age, and still more by the agitation he was under, could with difficulty accomplish.

“ From my son !” said his wife, whom grief had still rendered weaker than her age, which was only fifty years. “ Oh, let me see those loved characters, “ let me see them and kiss them.—Yes, “ my dear Lord,” said she, looking at the letter, which was wet with her tears ; “ it is my son who has wrote these lines, “ it is that hand which I have so often “ pressed to my heart. It is himself who “ is going to assure us of our dear child’s “ existence.”

Her tears and the agitation of her mind did not permit her to read a line. Her husband then took up the letter and read as follows :

Letter from M. d'ERMANCOUR to his
Parents.

“ I THROW myself at your feet, my most
“ dear and revered parents, to implore
“ your goodness and your pardon for a
“ fault which my unfortunate destiny
“ obliged me to commit. I hope every
“ thing

“ thing from your tenderness to a son
 “ who has never for one instant ceased
 “ to respect and love you, and who
 “ has suffered much more from the
 “ pain he has given you, than by all he
 “ has endured himself. How often
 “ have I grieved at the cruel uncertainty
 “ you was in on my account.—‘ I have
 “ made the best of fathers unhappy,’ said
 “ I; ‘ I shall perhaps occasion the death
 “ of the tenderest of mothers.’ These
 “ expressions I have often repeated in
 “ the bitterness of my heart. I have
 “ then addressed myself to the Divine
 “ Being to intreat him to preserve your
 “ lives; I have prayed to him on my
 “ knees, with uplifted hands and eyes,
 “ to procure you some consolation which
 “ might lessen your sorrows for the un-
 “ happy child you had lost. How far was
 “ I at that time from thinking that this
 “ son would be restored to you again!
 “ But he will soon throw himself at your
 “ feet, and he dares to flatter himself
 “ you will receive him with kindness to
 “ your arms.”

At this part of the letter Madame d'Ermancour, who was standing by her husband with her eyes fixed on the letter that she might not lose a word of it, threw herself into the arms of her husband drowned in tears.

The minister of the parish arrived at this moment, being come to dine at the Castle. They ran to this good priest to acquaint him with the subject of their joy and the tears which he saw them shed. "We are now happy," said they both at the same time; "we have now found again our beloved son."

They were unable to say more, but the letter, which the Marquis gave the minister, explained it much better than his broken language. The priest having read it through, which was more than they had done, told M. and Madame d'Ermancour that they were on the very eve of seeing their son arrive: on this they read the letter over again, and calculated the time in which a ship from Batavia might arrive in France, and they found, unless any accident happened to
impede

impede their voyage, they might be at the port of Havre in a few days.

This increased their joy, and transported them out of themselves. They ran about the house with the letter in their hands to acquaint all their servants with the good news; but they found nobody; they went even to the kitchen and court-yard, without finding a creature.

The priest, who went out first, had informed them, and not only told them, but had conducted them all, and every one he met beside, to the parish church. The Marquis was astonished to find the Castle entirely abandoned, but he soon found out the reason. The sound of bells ringing, and the tumult the inhabitants of the village made as they ran to church, to return thanks and to express their grateful acknowledgments for having their young lord restored to them again, convinced him of the cause, and gave him the most sensible pleasure to find so much gratitude in these good people, to whom he was not only master,

but friend and father. During this affecting scene, which passed at the Castle of Ermancour, we arrived at Rouen. My husband thought it right we should go to the first inn we met with, in order to consult with my father on the part he should take before he set out for the Castle of Ermancour; and it was unanimously agreed, that he should set out some hours before us, with his faithful old servant Jerome, who had been a partaker in all his misfortunes and had followed him every where. They arrived at the Castle exactly at the time when the inhabitants of the village and the domestics of the Castle were met at the church. This Castle is situated on a small hill, and the parish church, together with a few houses belonging to some ancient domestics of my father-in-law, are upon the same hill, but the village stands in a plain below it at some distance. My husband, on casting his eyes round the spot which had been the place of his nativity, felt such a pleasing sensation within him, that he let fall the reins of his

his horse, to abandon himself wholly to his delightful reverie. Every object he saw affected him. The country which he had formerly run over with so much pleasure, called to his mind the different ideas which he had had at an age when every thing appears beautiful. The fine verdure of the meadows, the little winding paths which led to the hills, covered with moss and wild thyme, even the caverns belonging to these solitary places, where he had so often wandered about to contemplate the beauties of nature, all seemed at this time to have new charms for him, and recalled to his mind those cheerful ideas of which he had been sensible in his youth.

He was in this kind of enthusiasm when Jerome pointed out to him the turrets of his father's Castle. This tender and affectionate son felt his eyes fill with tears as he viewed this magnificent structure which had been raised by his noble ancestors; and his mind being already softened by the different objects which surrounded him, he could no

longer avoid giving way to the emotions of his heart, and he cried out in an exclamation of joy. He was observed and heard by a pretty young country girl, who was coming from the village with a woman older than herself, and had passed by him. The person of this young woman struck M. d'Ermancour's attention, he stopped a moment to look at her, and begged her to hear him. The young girl came up to him with a graceful air, and very politely asked him what he might have to say to her. Jerome went on, without stopping, to inform the Marquis of his son's arrival.

“ Do you live in this village, my dear
“ child ?” said my husband.—“ Yes, Sir,”
said she, “ I live at the Castle, at the
“ Marquis d'Ermancour's.”—“ How
“ is that noble lord, and his amiable
“ lady ?”—“ Very well, Sir,” replied
she with an air of satisfaction, “ and if
“ the news I have just heard is true, they
“ will be still better.”—“ What news is
“ that ?” said my husband.—“ Oh, Sir,
“ it is the news of their son's being alive,
“ whom

“ whom for a long time they have thought
 “ dead. It is said, that he has written
 “ a letter himself, that he should soon
 “ arrive, and perhaps within these three
 “ days. Do you not hear the bells
 “ ring? They are now singing a *Te Deum*
 “ at the church to thank Heaven for
 “ having preserved him. Permit me
 “ to run and partake of the happiness of
 “ my good lady, and congratulate the
 “ Marquis. He must at present be in
 “ the greatest joy, and I think it long
 “ till I see them both perfectly happy.”

Saying this, she began to quicken her
 pace towards the Castle, drawing her
 companion after her, who had some dif-
 ficulty to keep up with her.

“ Mademoiselle Javotte,” said the
 woman to her, when they had got to a
 little distance, “ stop a moment to hear
 “ what I have to say to you. I am much
 “ deceived if this stranger, who at least
 “ appears such to us, is not the son of
 “ our Marquis. Did not you observe,
 “ as I did, how much he resembled him?”
 “ I did not much look at his face,” said

she, “ but his voice struck me so much,
“ that I thought it was my Lord’s every
“ time he spoke ; but he looked at me so
“ earnestly that I did not dare look up
“ when I answered him. Can it be
“ possible,” said she, “ that it is he
“ whom you think? Please God it should,
“ I would have given something to have
“ known it. He is so polite, he spoke to
“ me with so much goodness, how I should
“ love him if he really is the son of my
“ dear benefactor ! But they said he
“ would not be here in less than three
“ days.”—“ That is not a sufficient
“ reason to prevent me from believing
“ it,” said Javotte’s companion; “ people
“ are often deceived in making calcula-
“ tions for long voyages, and often
“ arrive a few days sooner or later.

While they were discoursing in this manner about the stranger, he was himself much moved at what he had just heard.

He had no sooner arrived in the avenue to the Castle than he perceived his father coming to meet him. He rode on

as fast as possible, till he came within a small distance of the venerable old man, when he alighted from his horse and threw himself at his feet. The tender father took him in his arms, saying, " My child, " my dear child, Heaven has preserved " and restored you to my prayers." — " My dear father," said my husband, " your kindness fills my heart with joy, " my happiness is now completed, you " are the best of fathers, since you have " the kindness to pardon me all the uneasiness I have cost you."

While they were pouring out the tenderness of their hearts to each other, the respectable mother of M. d'Ermancour arrived, supported by two of her women. The minister of the parish followed, with a company of villagers who came from church.

The affectionate mother, when she came to her son, fainted in his arms. My husband was in a state little different from her's. He was greatly affected with the alteration he saw in the countenance of his mother; he had left her young and beautiful,

beautiful, but he found her almost decrepit. By degrees she grew more composed; and when she had given free course to her tears and the sobs which stifled her feeble voice, she inquired where was her daughter and her grand-children. My husband told her she would very soon see all his family. He then advanced to the good priest and saluted him with great cordiality; he expressed his grateful acknowledgments to the villagers, who all eagerly pressed to see him, and convince him of the joy they felt that Heaven had restored to them another father in the son of their honoured master. They were all preparing to go to the Castle, when they heard the sound of our coach; every body turned back to meet us, except the Marchioness, who was seated on the grass; Javotte and her companion repeated to her, both at the same time, that they had met with their young master, what he had said to them, and that they knew him again, without being told who it was. This good mother did not pay much attention to what they said; her

her looks, as well as her heart, were drawn towards the two little children whom she saw coming to her, hand in hand. My boy was eleven years old, and Zelinette nine. I followed them, holding by the arm of the Marquis, while my husband walked on his other side; and when he saw us approach near to his mother, he told his children, that the lady they saw sitting on the grass was their grand-mamma, and bid them go and throw themselves at her feet, and intreat her tenderness for themselves and their mamma. The good lady observed us coming to her, and thought the children very lovely. She held out her hands to them, and called them her dear infants; she pressed them to her bosom, shedding tears of joy and tenderness over them. She received me in the same affectionate manner. She then congratulated my father on the happiness he must have on being father to such a child, and thanked him a thousand times for that he had given to her a son, by allowing him to be the

the husband of so accomplished a woman, as she was pleased to call me.

My father and the Marquis talked much of their mutual happiness, and the pleasure they enjoyed in the renewal of their former friendship.

We then pursued our way to the Castle; but before we arrived, my husband desired the good pastor to distribute a purse of gold among his parishioners, and at the same time begged him to assure them he would pay all their taxes for the next year. They prostrated themselves on their knees on receiving these small marks of my husband's generosity, and all blessed him for it, even to the little children in their mothers arms. My happiness at this delightful meeting may be better imagined than expressed. In short, I had now nothing left to wish for: after the first effusions of love and tenderness had a little subsided, we were all eager to inquire after those friends who were dear to us. My husband learned with great pleasure that his uncle was still alive. I feared I should
not

not have the same good fortune when I enquired after Madame de Theadon; but the Marquis told me, he heard not long ago, by his brother, that she was very well, notwithstanding the sorrow she had experienced on the death of her nephew. I lamented the death of this unfortunate young man, but I was rejoiced to hear I should again see my grand-mother: I embraced my husband in transports, and entreated he would have the goodness to go with me as soon as possible to Paris to see her; he consented, and in six days after our arrival at the Castle, we set out for that capital, accompanied by my father, the Marquis, and my two children. I arrived in this great city, and had gone through a great part of it, without taking any notice of what I saw, so much was I engaged with thinking of the pleasure I should have in seeing again this good grand-mamma.

When I came to the door, I was so agitated that I could scarcely go up stairs, and was obliged to sit down in the ante-chamber,

chamber, before I could go to her. The Marquis and my father went in to prepare her for my arrival. She had been made acquainted with our return, but not having sent us any answer, we knew not what reception we should meet with. I recollected the situation in which she was when I quitted her, and re-tracing in my mind the disputes we had had together, I feared she would refuse to see me, and I was telling my husband a part of my fears when the door opened, and I saw her hastening to me, supported by the Marquis and my father. I would have knelt to her, but she prevented me and pressed me to her bosom for some minutes without speaking a word. What a delightful impression did her kindness make on me!

“Do you then pardon me?” said I, redoubling my careffes. “You was always my most affectionate mother, and you will complete my happiness if you will regard my husband in future as myself.”—“I will never separate you, my dear children,” said she; “you shall

“ shall both be as much united in my
 “ heart, as you are at this time in my
 “ arms,” where she then held us both
 and embraced us tenderly. “ How
 “ have I repented,” said she, “ having
 “ opposed your union ! How often,
 “ since I heard the fatal news of your
 “ shipwreck, have I accused myself as the
 “ cause of your death ; and I have never
 “ known one moment’s ease since that
 “ cruel accident.”

She began giving us an account of
 all the troubles which she had felt on ac-
 count of her nephew. When she per-
 ceived my children, who were in a dis-
 tant part of the room, she cried out
 with joy and surprise, looking at me, as
 if to ask me to whom they belonged.
 “ These are your own grand-children,”
 said I, presenting them to her ; “ be-
 “ stow on them a share of that affection
 “ you have always had for their mo-
 “ ther.”

She loaded them with caresses ; Zeli-
 nette appeared to obtain the preference
 over her brother, because she resembled
 me

me the most. "She is the exact picture
" of her mother," said she, to her son-in-law, "when she first arrived from
" England. Ah, my good friend," said she, "what a number of fatal accidents
" have happened to us since that time!"

My father, in order to divert her from thinking of such disagreeable things, told her we must now think only of the pleasure we all had in seeing ourselves re-united after so long an absence; and as she seemed to fear being too soon deprived of this satisfaction by our departure, the Marquis and my father both pressed her to come and live with us. She made no other answer than by her thanks. But my father told her, if she feared to incommode the Marquis d'Ermancour, he would propose another arrangement, which might perhaps be more agreeable to her.

"In order," said he, "not to leave
" my children, I intend to purchase a
" house at Rouen, where I shall live the
" rest of my days; I shall be but too happy
" if you will come and live with me."

My

My grand-mother, having nothing at that time that attached her to Paris, promised she would, and kept her word, and is at this time actually established in my father's house at Rouen. We see them almost every day, either there or in the country, or in our New Desert.

This New Desert is a solitary retreat which my husband has constructed in a small wood near the Castle of Erman-cour, to call to our mind our long confinement in the forest.

The house, gardens, and all the environs, are made exactly to resemble the real Desert in the Island of Sumatra, where we spent so many years.

I go every morning constantly to this retreat, my husband and children frequently come hither to find me; and the contrast of our past situation, compared with the present, adds to the happiness which we now enjoy, surrounded by our family and friends.

THE END.